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WALTER HINES PAGE—MEMORIAL ADDRESS

By DR. ALBERT SHAW, *Editor of The American Review of Reviews.*
at Raleigh, N. C., December 7, 1923.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the State Literary and Historical Association of North Carolina:

I appreciate the opportunity you have given me to take some part in the proceedings of your annual meeting. If I had been asked to confine my remarks merely to the praise and encouragement of historical research, I should find no topic more congenial or better worth while.

The superstructures of our twentieth century civilization are taking on many unexpected forms, and their towers and pinnacles are already more lofty by far than could have been imagined a century ago. Yet all these venturings and projections that absorb the minds of the race of men that lives and aspires as we begin the fourth century of our experience on these American shores must rest upon human foundations laid in the toilsome, humdrum past. Concerning this substructure of our history, by far too little is commonly understood.

The historians are constantly engaged in the rewriting of chapters in what have been considered the principal themes and concerns of historical narrative, or analysis, or criticism. However one may regard the results of such attempts at reevaluation of great events or epochs, or of the careers and influence of particular rulers and leaders, there is much to commend in the so-called scientific methods with which students are now made acquainted. Governments are opening long closed archives for the writers of political history in modern periods. The explorer, the archæologist, and the expert in comparative philology are giving us a fresh insight into the life of antique

ages such as the greatest scholars of the last century did not enjoy. Thus we find a growing approval of the scholarly methods that are producing for us entire new libraries of books pertaining to history at large. As never before, it has become possible to follow the outline of the story of mankind as a connected whole. Yet there is another field of historical research, less highly appreciated, that seems to me to be not less vital or fruitful than these broader inquiries which, of course, I am in no sense disparaging. I have in mind what I may call the vertical or intensive, as contrasted with the horizontal or extensive researches into the truth of the periods that underlie our present schemes of life and society.

We have now a background of three hundred years of the European races as colonists on the continent of North America. At every moment of historical time during those three centuries, these transplanted communities have had to deal with changing conditions. Each generation has been absorbed in its own struggles and occupations, its private concerns and its public relationships and vicissitudes. If these people of successive generations on our soil had been told that the study of their own history was important for them, not only as a matter of knowledge for its own sake but also as a help in the rearing of their permanent structure of institutions, they would have given scanty attention to advice so seemingly unrelated to their thoughts and affairs.

They would have thought of history as concerned with certain movements and persons of remote rather than immediate concern. The controversies of the Protestant Reformation were still resounding in their ears from many a pulpit; and the principles of constitutional liberty as asserted by our forefathers were glorified from every political platform. But the application of these glittering generalities to the actual progress and upbuilding of our American communities was not made apparent to their understandings.

We are nowadays coming much nearer the truth of history through the discovery that our own humble, everyday experiences are the worthy object of research. We can best understand the times in which we live by the study of the history of ordinary families and ordinary communities. We Americans

have awakened to find ourselves constituting by far the most powerful and influential nation of the world in this new century. We are confronted with problems that affect our hundred million people as a whole, and with world responsibilities from which we cannot escape. As we face the magnitude of these present and prospective issues, we are obliged to take account of ourselves—to ask what are our real assets and resources—to ask ourselves whether in a time of such great changes we have any elements of stability. And we find our most satisfactory answers in studies that begin at home.

As we look at Russia through the hazes of distance that are rendered the more opaque by reason of our ignorance of a thousand everyday matters, we are apt to think of a vast country, with its scores of millions of peasants, in terms altogether general; as if Russians were all alike and their country a uniform territory as respects climate, products, and modes of life. And in like manner the average peasant in the heart of Russia has certain conceptions of America, into which there does not enter even to a slight extent the thought that the land and the people are other than of uniform texture and character. In point of fact, Russia is a land of almost endless variety, while possessing certain characteristics that are dominant enough to be regarded as relating to Russia as a whole. As a nation, we in America have characteristics that unify us as a nation. We have also our well-marked local variations.

To understand what is common to us as Americans, we are obliged to go back to the main currents of European history. We find all of our original colonies founded and developed principally upon the habits, customs, and experiences of Western Europe, and especially of the British islands. There was enough similarity of origin to make possible the later union of the original colonies up and down the Atlantic seaboard. This union was highly advantageous, although it was due far less to an instinct of affinity, or to a prevailing belief that brethren should dwell together in unity, than to the imminence of common dangers. Whatever the historians may have written, there are few people nowadays who realize how great and constant were the perils from without that forced themselves upon the attention of all our colonies, and that led them step

by step to the compromises and agreements that resulted in our present blending as a nation.

But the individual States persisted; and each of them was making its own history, even while all were contributing to the partnership that was maintained at first for certain common purposes, and afterwards because nationality had become a thing actually achieved, not through compacts but through experiences. Political relationships with the mother country through nearly two centuries of tutelage had brought into being our original group of States. In like manner, the Union of these earlier States became the mother country that brought into political existence additional entities, that were destined in due time to make their own histories, as sovereign members of the sisterhood of commonwealths.

I know of nothing in the political history of ancient or modern times that is so thrilling or so romantic as the great epic of the making of these individual States, all the way from our eastern seaboard to the Pacific coast. The founding of our original settlements in the seventeenth century had been so adventurous and so heroic as to enhance the world's respect for human nature as such. Democracy, both in theory and in practice, was bound to result from such struggles to found permanent communities in a new world. It is not strange that the spirit awakened by such an effort should have impelled the descendants of the early colonists to continue the struggle with the wilderness, and to push their way to the great inner valleys and still beyond. It was this continuous movement of entire families, or of younger members of families, swarming from the older to the newer zones of settlement, that made the American people as a whole what we now find it.

Except in the smallest way, nothing of this kind has happened in the development of any other country. The Norman system of overlordship was super-imposed in England, but did not displace the earlier Saxon and Celtic populations. There had been vast tribal migrations in Europe during and following the last phases of the Roman Empire; and many continuing results are to be found in localities. But for the most part the blending of Slav and Teuton as in the eastern parts of Germany, and of older stocks with Goths and Vandals, as in parts

of Spain, are hopelessly intricate. It is in the United States alone that we have the clear and unlimited opportunity to write down the full story, from the beginning to the present time, of the making of a great nation; of the differentiated founding and growth of each of forty-eight States; of the continuous record of literally thousands of separate counties, townships, villages, and urban communities.

When I speak, therefore, of the vertical or intensive study of history, I mean, as you well understand, the examination of the foundation stones upon which each community is shaping the visible edifice of its own individual and social life today. It is manifestly impossible to separate the broad interpretations of history from the so-called narrow study of local backgrounds. The one is necessary to an understanding of the other. But the larger movements may be better understood by virtue of the study of localities than if approached by means of a general or philosophic survey. It is one of the great rewards of local research that it leads out, in so many unexpected ways, to a clear perception of what had been only dimly seen of causes and consequences, in the broader fields of history.

It is a fascinating thought that the territorial entities known by the names given to our forty-eight States are today by far the most definite, secure, and permanent of all the self-governing and sovereign areas of the entire world. Thus the concept "North Carolina" is as precise in the geographical sense as if the State were a detached area like Ireland or Cuba; while in the political sense North Carolina has attained a measure of stability—through centuries of experience and through assured prospects for the future—that is hardly equaled by that of any political entity in Europe, Asia, Africa, or the islands of the seven seas. Firmly established as I regard the unity of the American people in their great representative confederacy of democracies, I think that it would be admitted by every one that the States themselves have an individual permanence that is even better assured than that of the republic as a whole.

We have come into a view of citizenship and allegiance that has for most thoughtful minds quite removed the old bugbear of rivalry between the States themselves and the Union of

States that is so essential to the welfare of each constituent member. The individual citizen discovers that he serves the Nation by serving well the State to which he belongs; and that he serves his State by working with his neighbors for the welfare of his county or his town. There is no essential rivalry, although often there are practical questions as to the adjustment of public functions.

There are various factors that must be considered in the historical study of one of our States, and that must also be grasped intelligently in the outlining of constructive policies for the future. The most obvious factors are (1) the people, and (2) the land and other material resources. But in the earlier stages of our life in North Carolina we had also to consider certain external relations that counted most significantly. The Indians were an ever-present factor of considerable importance for nearly two hundred years. Many conditions exist today in localities that can only be explained by a knowledge of the friendliness or unfriendliness of certain Indian tribes, or of the earlier or later extinguishment of Indian land titles. English policy as related to colonial administration was a factor of far-reaching influence in many ways. Foreign and domestic trade policies, as they affected commerce not only with European countries but with the other American colonies and with the West Indies, produced results of so marked a kind that existing conditions could not possibly be understood without much knowledge of those policies.

When one returns to the two main factors—the people themselves and the physical resources of a State like North Carolina—the theme becomes so ramified as one studies it that it furnishes ample food for a life-time of study and reflection. Suppose one were considering physical resources, and were beginning with an agricultural survey by localities. Perchance we find fields that are depleted and eroded. What was their original state, and how has this wastage of once fertile lands come about? The history of agriculture, brought down to the detailed study of communities, is rather at the beginning than at the end, for purposes of inquiry.

You cannot tell the story of any old tobacco farm in North Carolina in its completeness, or with a real understanding of

causes and effects, if you ignore the British rules and regulations that restricted colonial commerce, and the foreign fashions and customs that virtually compelled the farmers of North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland to raise tobacco for the enrichment of London and Glasgow traders. You cannot relate the essential history of any cotton plantation of North Carolina without an understanding of social and economic conditions that have been transforming the world during the past century.

In the beginning, and for a long time afterwards, each of our States had an agricultural population that fixed the standards of personal, family, and community life. But one does not understand the nature of our agriculture as applied to the problems presented by our local variations of soil and climate, without a study of the history of agriculture and of local communities in Western Europe and especially in Great Britain.

The traditional agriculture upon which we founded our American States was that of the moderate-sized farm, largely self-sufficient as regards its supplies of food and clothing and its various household industries. The landholding farmer, with his own family and perhaps a very few retainers, was the unit. He ruled his acres, and he helped to rule the community that was made up of farms and families of similar character, or at least of like points of view.

How this farmer, whose theory was that of diversified home industry and a self-sufficing life, became the victim of a one-crop system, that depleted soils and greatly disturbed social equilibrium, is a matter that has to be studied until one has a thorough grasp of its causes and its consequences, in order to see what remedies can best be applied.

Thus the study of agriculture and of material resources leads at once and inevitably to a study of the people themselves, and to their relations with people elsewhere. It is impossible to understand the agriculture of North Carolina without a study of market conditions and demands in other parts of the world. One finds that the American farmer was always, consciously, a citizen of the larger world. He was never a sodden peasant, but always a man adventuring in fields of production and trade that embraced all the continents.

As for these remarkable people, one must know what were their origins, their religious convictions, their ideals, and their modes of life. One must know what their standards were as regards habitations, food, recreation, and the things that make for the dignity of the individual and the integrity of the family.

I have always believed in the value of the intensive study of American States and communities, but never so much as during the past year. As it happens, I have been reading with fresh interest many contemporary records of early American life, as observed both by American residents and by European visitors. Not a few of these narratives of early observers include notes on this State of North Carolina. One gains fresh confidence and renewed enthusiasm as he reads the story of the pioneers and their valiant encounters with almost insuperable difficulties. He follows the thin and straggling—but very definite—lines of colonization from England, then from Scotland and the North of Ireland, or from Moravia by way of Pennsylvania. He feels the significance of the founding of a State—the addition of another organized sovereignty to that comparatively short list of civilized States that, taken together in their onward movement, constitute the swelling stream of modern history.

Again let me remark that, except for the British dominions—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and so on—there are no other great, civilized communities whose history can be studied and regarded in detailed completeness. From the political standpoint, the most important thing to keep in mind is that our commonwealths were, as a working, everyday fact, established upon what in Europe was merely a speculative and untried theory of equality and democracy. We have said this so often—we have used the word democracy so lightly—that we are in danger of regarding it as a mere commonplace.

Yet American democracy is the most significant and far-reaching fact of modern times; and the example of our American States is slowly but surely reacting upon the rest of the world and transforming it.

We have made many mistakes in our imperfect experiments in democracy, but we awake from our dreams to find, happily, that these mistakes are for our discipline, and not for our ultimate discomfiture. They are to be remedied all the more surely

if we face them with resolute purpose to know them at their worst. We thought for a long time that we were farming prosperously; and then we discovered that we were ruining our soils and driving our most enterprising sons away, to be the leaders in making the newer States of Tennessee, Missouri, or Texas, and to take part in the upbuilding of many others north and south of the Ohio River and west of the Mississippi. We prided ourselves upon our practice of democracy, while in point of fact we were undervaluing the common man, allowing him to lapse into poverty and ignorance, and unduly promoting the tendency to exalt the few at the cost of the many.

I do not believe that these tendencies would in any case have carried us to the point of hopeless disaster. It was inevitable that the vigorous young men of the East, after the Revolutionary War, should have rushed speculatively to seize the opportunities afforded by the boundless West. It was inevitable that our eastern soils should have suffered greatly in view of the conditions of agriculture and commerce that existed not only here but everywhere else. Tobacco and cotton were in world-wide demand, and could be produced advantageously only in somewhat restricted areas. The system of slave labor had been imposed, rather than invited. One condition or another was, I think, quite sure to arise in due time to supply the necessary correctives.

Throughout all these experiences, the material resources of North Carolina were not seriously impaired, if one takes the long rather than the short view. Meanwhile, the great asset of North Carolina, dimly recognized but for a long time taken for granted and never fairly evaluated, was the native population. These plain folk with their varied blend of European stocks, held within their bosoms a higher measure of intrinsic human value than anybody had ever realized, until somewhere near the end of the nineteenth century. Nowadays, it is the grateful realization of the sterling worth of the common people of North Carolina that has inspired the fresh movements of progress that are compelling the attention of social and political leaders throughout the entire country.

North Carolina is not singular in having had its progress retarded by the immensity of the development of the West.

The pendulum begins to swing back, and all the conditions are more favorable for the beginnings of a new era in the relatively neglected States of the Atlantic seaboard. As we enter upon what in my opinion is destined to be a very memorable time of economic readjustments, with a revival of rural life as its most marked and most desirable feature, the position of North Carolina is exceptionally favorable.

This is true because of the geographical position of the State, its great resources, its capacity for well-balanced and permanent forms of agriculture; but especially it is true because it has not yet been over-developed as a manufacturing State, and is still a commonwealth of farmers and rural communities, descended by natural increase from the earlier American stock.

I have always been interested in observing local American types, and I am as far from bias or prejudice, perhaps, as any American could well be. Both of my maternal great-grandfathers, of the old Massachusetts stock, were pioneering just after the Revolution in the woods of New Hampshire and Vermont, while my two paternal great-grandfathers at the same time had joined the westward movement, and were in Kentucky. One of these two had sold his land in North Carolina and made his way with thousands of other North Carolinians through the passes of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies. The other had gone from the Pennsylvania-Maryland line with the thousands who were flat-boating down the Ohio River. Afterwards, these two paternal great-grandfathers crossed the river from Kentucky and joined the settlers who were founding the State of Ohio.

My own grandfather, a youth of twenty years, was with the southern advance guard in Louisiana at the time of the purchase of that territory by Jefferson. Nothing whatever in the history of the families from whom I am descended was in any way striking or unusual, so far as I am aware. They spread across the country from the southern colonies, the middle colonies, and the New England colonies. Their ramifications extended all the way to the Pacific coast. They helped to bear the burden and heat of pioneering days in many States, as preachers, doctors, editors, lawyers, politicians, traders—but mostly as plain, sturdy farmers. Thus, as I have had incentives

to observe the American stock in its original variations, and in its fine blendings as one goes westward, I have had no sense of prejudice or preference. On the contrary, I have felt a great admiration for all of the types and strains—all of the population elements—of the early colonization.

I do not undervalue the later contributions that Europe has made to our population, usually under special exigencies in those overcrowded countries. Nevertheless, I have come to a mature conviction that we should have settled the United States satisfactorily, and with sufficient rapidity, if we had received no further acquisition of population after the census of 1790. I am perfectly aware that to have drawn the line sharply and harshly then would have excluded a great number of families that afterwards came to reinforce the earlier stock, and that have proved to be as valuable as the descendants of the original pioneers. But I am speaking in general, and without regard to exceptions, when I express the view that the old American stock rather than the newer populations of more alien blood and tradition ought to be the basis of a permanent American nationality.

North Carolina has the distinction of having contributed a very high percentage of her best and most enterprising sons and daughters during the past century and a half to the upbuilding of other States in the general westward movement, while continuing to carry on her own life without appreciable access of newer populations from Europe. Unlike Florida, there has been no great rush of people to North Carolina from other States; and the consequence has been that the North Carolinian type has had a better opportunity for distinctive development than that of almost any other of our entire sisterhood of States.

A study of the famous townships of Massachusetts, or "towns" as these local divisions are designated in New England, is painful in many instances to those who love to find permanence of tradition and prosperous survival of early family names. Not in all these communities, but in very many, the old stock has well-nigh disappeared. It was not in vain that the forefathers established these little democracies of the New England towns, for their influence has permeated the life of the

nation. The changes of the past century have made over-heavy drafts upon rustic New England.

That part of the country met the competition of western agriculture more than half way and on a twofold plan. It sent its sons and daughters in great streams to people the prairies, and to construct social and political democracies of New England type all the way to Oregon. Meanwhile, with the trained ingenuity of its people, it converted New England into a great workshop. Its centers of manufacturing and commerce gave employment to hundreds of thousands of immigrants from many foreign countries. With all these changes in population elements, the New England States are still under the spell of their noble history and their great traditions; and in hundreds of their rural neighborhoods the continuity of life has not been fatally broken or altered, and there are many hopeful evidences of a recovery of local vigor. There will be no return to the conditions of the past, but the new order of things cannot fail to find inspiration in the minute study of local history.

It has been assumed that the structure of early society in the northern colonies was wholly different from that of the colonies south of the Potomac. Those whose study has not been thorough and critical have found it easy to assume that New England and the central colonies were settled by a somewhat uniform type of plain middle-class farmers, while the southern colonies were from the beginning dominated by a land-holding aristocracy akin to that of Great Britain. As a matter of severe historical truth, a few obvious exceptions being admitted, there was a remarkable similarity in the social status of the people who formed our early societies all along the Atlantic seaboard.

There were, indeed, different systems under which land was acquired. In New England, the township lands were as a rule granted to a group of people who proceeded to sub-divide and allot the area of the little democracy upon principles of equality. In Virginia, the land was more generally acquired in large tracts by individuals, who proceeded to find purchasers and to colonize at some profit to themselves. The New England system resulted in closer settlement and better organized local groups. But, quite contrary to the accepted view, Virginia—

like Pennsylvania and New York—was settled by working farmers of the average type whose handholdings were not extensive. The system of great plantations was a later development. Economic conditions changed the character of early rural Virginia, just as another set of economic conditions at a much later time changed the character of rural New England.

The studies of Professor Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker, as he has summed them up in his recent work on the *Planters of Colonial Virginia*, show us that a hundred years after the settlement at Jamestown the average Virginia farmer was a man who held somewhere from one hundred to two hundred acres of land, while in various counties there were not more than one or two families that owned as much as a thousand acres. But, during the second hundred years, lands had become depleted, ordinary farming had failed, and the large planter using slave labor had bought up numerous old farms and had framed a new system on the wreckage of the old. It is a matter of the highest interest and importance that Professor Wertenbaker has been able to recover from the British archives, and to publish for our benefit, the actual lists of Virginia landowners with their respective holdings, county by county, for a great part of Virginia as of a date a little more than two hundred years ago.

These lists, taken in conjunction with available records of land transfers, shed a light that is not merely curious but is of fundamental importance upon the beginning of your great neighboring State. It is instructive to compare the list of names of landholders thus presented with the lists of family names disclosed by our first national census—that of 1790. It will soon be 840 years since William the Conqueror made his great survey of the lands of England, and listed their feudal overlords and their tenants and occupiers. These records of Domesday Book are an invaluable source of English history; and it is only to be regretted that an even more complete record might not have been made century by century down to the present time.

The State of Wisconsin, with a fine sense of its dignity as a commonwealth and of the future importance of its historical records, is now engaged in a notable inquiry, directed by the State Historical Society, known as the Wisconsin Domesday.

In each of its townships a careful study is being made (many of these have already been completed) of the history of the land from the date of its settlement with the names of landowners, the changes in local agriculture, and all other pertinent facts. In order to save too much repetition, it has been found desirable to prepare a general history of Wisconsin agriculture as a preliminary statement. The particular records of localities will be published from time to time. It requires no argument to show how valuable this record will be to the people of Wisconsin in future centuries. The State of Iowa, in the heart of our greatest agricultural region, has been showing an equal zeal in the compiling of the annals of its pioneers and in the study of everything relating to its social and political experiences.

There is no State perhaps that would profit more by a similarly exhaustive study of its origins and the entire course of its history in local detail than North Carolina. As I have already intimated, there is no State perhaps in the entire Union whose new hopes and ambitions rest so symmetrically and firmly upon beginnings that stretch back through almost three centuries.

I have lately been reading, in connection with one another, two statements regarding the people and the civilization of North Carolina. The latest of these, by Mr. William H. Richardson, has just now made its appearance. The contrasting statement was made in 1897, a full quarter century ago, by a son of North Carolina, the late Walter Hines Page. It was an address delivered at the State Normal School at Greensboro, and several years afterwards published with two other addresses in a little volume called *The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths*.

Page's theme was the intrinsic value of the common man, and his rightful claim to be educated and trained, both for his own sake and as incomparably the greatest asset of the State. It was an eloquent appeal, and it cited statistics of taxation and illiteracy in order to make the point that North Carolina was not keeping up with the American procession, especially when compared with the States of the Mississippi Valley. In order to quicken the energies of his brethren and sisters in North Carolina, and to awaken in them something of his own noble discontent with things as they are, his analysis was unsparring,

and many of his statements might well have seemed blunt and harsh.

But they were the chastening words of a man of great devotion and faith. Happily, he did not end his speech of scathing criticism in a vein of pessimism. He was making an appeal for State and local policies that would restore to illiterate, poverty-stricken, forgotten men, women, and children in North Carolina their true birthright of intelligence and economic well-being. He could not have been hopeless, or even disheartened, when he stood before that audience of enthusiastic and capable young women at Greensboro in the days of Charles D. McIver. And so he turned to prophecy in words well worth quoting:

What may we not look for in the future? Whatever I might say in prophecy would be as inadequate as all that I might say in congratulation. Great changes come as silently as the seasons. I am no more sure of this springtime than I am of the rejuvenation of our society and the lifting up of our life. A revolution is in progress, and this institution is one of the first and best fruits of it. I declare in truth and soberness that this is the most inspiring sight that I have ever seen in North Carolina; for before the moral earnestness of well-trained women social illusions vanish, and worn-out traditions fall away.

With what surprising rapidity the new order of things has been making its way in North Carolina since Mr. Page made that address is shown in the well-authenticated picture that Mr. Richardson now gives us of educational progress, of better agriculture, of industrial growth, and of public policies that at last fully recognize in daily practice the equal rights of the common man and his family, just as they had always been recognized in theory.

Walter Page, who died in this State in the month of December, 1918, just five years ago, had lived to observe this brilliant awakening of the energies of North Carolina. Although his life work had required his residence elsewhere, he had belonged as truly as his ancestors to the land of his birth, and had never lost any of the characteristics that marked him as a son of the Old North State. The capacity of a community to produce and train its own leaders through successive generations is one of the best tests of its vitality. Page belonged to a group

of North Carolinians who believed in universal education as essential to modern economic development. We had come into an age of machinery, and of production vastly increased through invention and discovery. The ordinary man must be trained to use the new mechanisms, and his increased efficiency must benefit everybody else as well as himself. Page had seen enough of the results of general and special training to be convinced that opportunities for the right kind of education should be made universal and that the training of children should be compulsory.

It was my privilege to know a number of men who were carrying on this educational propaganda in North Carolina more than twenty-five years ago, and I have never known anywhere a more powerful group of social leaders. It happened that Walter Page was able to cooperate with them more efficiently from without than if he had remained in the State as a teacher or journalist or politician. At the instance of some of these North Carolina leaders, in association with the late Dr. Curry, who was director of the Peabody Fund, and others interested in the same kinds of endeavor, there was formed the old Southern Education Board, and there was held a series of annual conferences for the promotion of education in the South. Out of these Conferences and the work of the Southern Education Board, other agencies grew apace, the most conspicuous of them being the General Education Board. Work of these agencies could by no means be a substitute for what the States themselves had begun to do. They would have carried on the educational movement to full fruition in due time, even without the cooperation of the Boards that I have named.

But the services of these agencies are recognized by all who knew their purposes and their methods as having been almost invaluable. As an active member of the Educational Boards, and of the groups closely associated with them, Page was able to render greater assistance to the cause of education in the South than if his life and work had been more strictly local. Almost twenty years ago, in April, 1904, he made an address at the Seventh Conference for Education in the South at Birmingham, Alabama, that was addressed to the men of the South

at large. It attracted unusual attention, and has been regarded as a summing up of the views and convictions that he was in the habit of expressing with such unsparing frankness. His was the doctrine of democracy carried through to the full limit. He painted in perhaps too glowing colors the progress of Iowa, for example, as compared with North Carolina—not to eulogize the one but to arouse the other. He was trying to show that Iowa's prosperity rested upon the practice as well as the theory of universal education. Having stated what he regarded as the main facts in the case, he moved on to his conclusions:

We run now squarely (I am quoting from his Birmingham speech)—We run now squarely into the doctrine of universal training at the community's expense, compulsory if need be, which is necessary in a democracy. There is no escape from it. We may obscure the question as we please. We may befog it with big words. We may drag it into political discussion. We may hatch big theories to cackle it down. We may smear it over with charity. We may impoverish the State because we are afraid of pauperizing men who are already so lean that they cannot distinguish hunger from backache. But there it stands—a stark economic fact—the State must train every child at the public expense, and it must train him to usefulness; and an economic fact is also a moral fact.

Economic errors, he said, must have economic correction, and sound economic action is always patriotic. There were touches of a very high eloquence in that Birmingham speech, and I must quote one paragraph not only because it shows the qualities of his mind and heart, but also because it states so well an American trait that in my opinion is to dominate our future even as it has characterized our past. The paragraph to which I refer is as follows:

And there is another quality that is strong in us. We love the land that we were born to—literally the land—this ground, this soil, this earth. Our fathers were land-hungry and land-loving, and our impulses answer to their habits. Those of us that do not till the earth still keep a love of it. Even those of us whose trades have buried us in great cities feel exiled if we do not come at short intervals and touch this soil. The call of the earth compels us. This is always our old home. And the odors of a Southern spring-time stir deep emotions in us.

It is not my purpose to embody in this address of mine, which may already be growing too long, any of that strictly biographical record that has been made accessible to us all in the

noteworthy volumes of the *Life and Letters of Walter H. Page*. He had enjoyed the educational opportunities that he craved for the untold thousands of boys and girls of the South. He had held a fellowship first in philology and then in Greek at the Johns Hopkins University at the opening of the institution in 1876. He had been too eager and active for a life of cloistered scholarship, and he had broken away from the university to work as a journalist in the new cities of the Missouri Valley. He had come back to North Carolina as a journalist, and later had gone to New York as a newspaper writer and editor.

When I first knew him, just thirty-three years ago, he was connected with a periodical of national influence of which in due time he became the chief editor. Almost at once I became associated with him in certain activities in New York growing out of our common interest in the welfare and progress of the country. Through his subsequent years as an editor in Boston, and his long and successful experience as a member of an important publishing firm in New York and the editor of *World's Work*, it was also my privilege to be well acquainted with him. Throughout all of his services in the Southern and General Education Boards, also, it was my good fortune to be associated with him as a fellow member. His editorial work was of the kind that kept him in touch with men and movements throughout the United States, and it compelled him also to keep track of the course of events throughout the world. He was by far more concerned about the movements in which he believed than about his own popularity or reputation. He was too busy as an editor who was dealing with the literary work of his contributors to give much time or thought to writing on his own account. Yet what he paused to write was admirable in English style, challenging in its forward-looking appeal, and always critical because of its impatient kind of hopefulness for better things.

I shall say only a little about the international service that formed the climax of the career of this eminent and typical son of your State. Whether a man holds high office or not, in our Republic, is in most cases a matter of chance. The thing to be remarked is that training through experience in private callings

has enabled many Americans, when suddenly confronted with official tasks, to meet every situation adequately. Mr. Page had served on the Country Life Commission by appointment of President Roosevelt under the chairmanship of Gifford Pinchot, now Governor of Pennsylvania, and in association with such a noble American as the late Henry Wallace, father of the present Secretary of Agriculture. This service had greatly increased his knowledge of what may be called "open country" conditions, not only in the South but throughout the entire country. At a later period, as a member of the General Education Board, together with Dr. Wallace Buttrick, Page had been especially active in promoting that work of practical farm demonstration which Dr. Seaman Knapp under Secretary Wilson was carrying on through the Department of Agriculture.

Walter Page had known Woodrow Wilson for a long time, and had the courage and the zeal to offer much useful advice to his academic friend who had so unexpectedly become the chief of a great party in 1912, and the President of the United States in a period of the utmost historical significance. It was by the merest chance that Page was not made a member of the Cabinet. This chance having failed, there was no thought on his part of any other position. The British Ambassadorship was offered to several men, certainly to Mr. Richard Olney, formerly Secretary of State, and to Dr. Charles W. Eliot, both of whom had declined it, burdened as they were with years and honors. Page, at fifty-eight, was still a young man in the very vigor of his rugged manhood, successful as publisher and editor, but turning more and more to the thought of an old-age home in the midst of his own kindred on broad farm lands in North Carolina.

Thus it was not in the due course of things, but rather a fortuitous political circumstance that made Page an Ambassador at London. He may, or he may not, at some time have turned the pages of a book of international law. This to him would not have mattered in the least. There were plenty of lawyers in the Department at Washington; and councilors and secretaries of technical training were always available for the Ambassador at London. What was wanted for that post was a genuine American of common sense, strong character, quick

wit, intellectual training, the qualities of a gentleman in every real sense, and the self-confidence that had been engendered by all these other qualities and experiences. As Mr. Roosevelt declared in 1916, Page was "an Ambassador who has represented America in London during these trying years as no other Ambassador in London has ever represented us with the exception of Charles Francis Adams during the Civil War."

When he took the post in 1913, he could not have guessed that Great Britain would be plunged into the greatest World War of all history only a year later. It is always difficult to decide in any given case how much of an eminent man's fame is due to accidents of time and place. Dr. Eliot told me late in 1914 that if he could have known the Great War was to come, he would not have declined the Ambassadorship. If Eliot had accepted, it is obvious that Page's relation to public events would have been wholly different, however important. It was indeed a tragedy that the intense strain of the war period should have impaired his health and brought his death in the month following the armistice. If he had lived on for years, you would doubtless have enjoyed his presence as a fellow citizen and as a neighbor, and he would have found time, it may be supposed, for literary work of his own. If he had lived, however, there would not have come to light the remarkable private letters which at once gave him a new reputation that will be enduring; namely, that of a letter-writer of the highest order who might have shone as the most brilliant essayist of our generation.

But for certain obscure political controversies in the State of Missouri, Stephen A. Douglas would not have been forced to take a position at Washington that destroyed his chance to secure united support at the Charleston Convention of 1860. This accident in the career of Douglas, splitting the Democratic party, was one of a series of political accidents that brought Abraham Lincoln to the front. On at least three occasions of the most crucial sort in the career of Theodore Roosevelt, during the sixteen years from 1884 to 1900, the element of chance made the difference between a public career that led to the presidency and a career of some different character, however

useful and honorable. It would be absurd to say that Lincoln and Roosevelt owed their fame to these political accidents, and to dismiss the matter at that point.

There was an old lady of whom it was said that she asked the Lord each day to "prepare us for that which was being prepared for us." It is evident enough that, in the case of men whose names are deservedly written large in our annals, the important thing has been that they had so prepared themselves that they could meet situations as they arose. Training for usefulness was the text upon which Page preached his best sermons; and, as it came to pass, his own career exemplified the doctrine.

To the very end, Walter Hines Page was in personality an unmistakable son of North Carolina. Not all North Carolinians are physically tall, of rugged frame and rather massive build, but there are many of that type, and Page was one of them. If you will take the family names that prevailed in North Carolina, as shown in the census of 1790, you will discover in your State today literally thousands upon thousands of their descendants who are of an American type almost or quite as distinctive as the English type of Yorkshiremen. I have already implied in what I have said that Page's was a mentality impatient of restraint, independent in judgment, strong in sense of justice, resourceful in face of emergencies. He had always a marked dislike of narrow conventionality, and always a robust hold upon such primal virtues as are expressed in the words loyalty, honor, humanity. In short, he was a man of physical and mental virility, cast by nature in a generous mold.

It has been a pleasure to me to have obtained for use on this occasion the expressions of several men who knew Page in particular relationships. No one was more intimately associated with him during a long term of years than Dr. Wallace Buttrick of the General Education Board. It is Dr. Buttrick who reminded me afresh of the Birmingham speech. The following sentences are written by a man of great heart and unsparing service, about an associate for whom he felt a deep affection as well as a great regard:

Page's interest was primarily in man as man. He believed, as I once said to a group of men in England, that "one man is as good as another if he is." In other words, Page believed in democracy. His interest in education in all its phases centered about this great fact that he believed in man as man. From the beginning his influence in the work of the Southern Education Board, of the General Education Board, and of the International Health Board was of the highest character. We lunched together about once a week for years, and his conversation was always about what more we could do for the happiness and well-being of our fellow-men. Somehow or other, his whole great soul was wrapped up in this high purpose of promoting the well-being of mankind. It did not take the people of England long to discover this quality in him. They often spoke to me of him as an exponent of the highest ideals of real democracy.

Governor Pinchot, with whom Page was associated, especially in conservation work and Roosevelt's Country Life Commission, sends me this charming paragraph of characterization :

I remember Walter Page, first of all, as a man of good will. In him the desire to do good was as keen as in any man I ever knew. Next, my affectionate remembrance recalls him as a man of penetrating common sense. By that I do not mean a cynically disillusioned man, but a man of the most unusual capacity to go to the heart of things. Finally, and most warmly of all, I remember him as a man with a genius for friendship, a most delightfully satisfactory companion, and a man who used his great influence as a gentleman and an American should. My acquaintance with him covered many years, and we did much work together. I shall always be thankful for that.

Mr. F. N. Doubleday, who knew him so well in his professional work, speaks of Page's letters as "the expressions of his thoughtful philosophy worked out with the pen as he was accustomed to think out public matters in the editorials which he wrote for the *World's Work* for nearly fifteen years. Readers of those editorials may remember kindness and optimism as their dominant qualities. * * * He never, I believe, wrote an editorial which failed to indicate the bright side."

From the Hon. John W. Davis, the brilliant publicist who was so worthy and so sympathetic a successor of Page at the British Court, I am privileged to quote as follows from a letter written a few days ago :

I think it no exaggeration to say that no American Ambassador in London was ever nearer to the heart of the English people than was Mr. Page. He elicited not only their esteem and admiration, but their warm

and lasting affection. I recognized constantly as his successor that I was the beneficiary of the good will which he did so much to create. He had the respect and something more of all ranks of society. Perhaps the instant widespread response in Great Britain to the suggestion of a memorial to him in Westminster Abbey is the most striking tribute ever paid to an American diplomat.

Many other expressions it would have been only too easy to gather from friends and associates, but let it suffice to read one more from another son of North Carolina, himself fitted for any public responsibility, however grave or however delicate—Edwin A. Alderman :

Intense practical patriotism was incarnated in Walter Page. There was nothing provincial about him in this manifestation, for his mind was a world mind and his interests cosmic interests—though he brooded over the region that gave him birth like a mother over her children, trying always to aid it, even if he had thereby to incur unpopularity and outspoken criticism. He was a persistent and intelligent radical in the best sense of that incisive word, always upon an unending quest for excellence, and a serious crusader against vain pretension. His passion was rebuilding old commonwealths, rural life, educational systems. His faith was in trained men.

It is the man in his intrinsic worth that we honor, and it is the pride of our American democracy that it nurtures such men. Here was a man who did his work as he was impelled to do it, and who followed the bent of his own genius. He sought no honors, yet his name is held in grateful esteem throughout the English-speaking world, and it will have its secure place in the history of America's effort to make its own democratic faith a universal religion.

He himself would say that we are brought back to the lesson that the boys and girls of North Carolina are worth all that the State can learn how to expend wisely for the training of their minds and hands, and the shaping of their ideals. The history of a State like this is a never-ending drama. Its present grows out of its past, and the scenes and acts of the future must be here within the fixed boundaries that will continue for ages to come.

The work, therefore, of societies like yours is one of patriotism and devotion, not less than one of rational pleasure and durable satisfaction.

THE WAR SAVINGS CAMPAIGN IN 1918

BY GILBERT T. STEPHENSON, Raleigh, N. C.

The War Savings Campaign in North Carolina in 1918 served two purposes in the prosecution of the World War. The first was to bring the war close home to the people—to all the people, the children as well as the adults, the colored people as well as the white. The other was to help finance the war. As a result of the Campaign, \$27,649,397 was added to the Treasury of the United States for War purposes.

The organization for the War Savings Campaign was, perhaps, the most complete organization for any purpose that has ever been effected in North Carolina, in that it was designed to include every man, woman and child, in every county, city, town, and township in the State. Beginning with Col. F. H. Fries, of Winston-Salem, as State Director, who held his appointment under the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, the organization reached all the way out through the township chairman in the remotest township in Dare County in the East and in Cherokee County in the West.

The state organization with its headquarters in Winston-Salem consisted of the State Directors and two Vice-Directors, Mr. W. B. Drake, Jr., of Raleigh, and Mr. Robert N. Page, of Biscoe, Director of Organization, Publicity Manager, Advertising Manager, and a force of field representatives.

Three types of County organization were adopted, one after the other. In the beginning of the campaign the County Chairman was asked to surround himself with an executive committee of ten leading citizens of the county, representing the several professions and businesses. Gradually this type grew into the second which called for a sub-committee for each of the leading community interests. The county organization as finally completed and announced provided for a chairman, vice-chairman, secretary, publicity manager, executive agents who were, *ex-officio*, the county superintendent of schools, city superintendents of schools (if there was a city or large town in the county,) county farm demonstrator, county home demonstrator, and county health officer, an executive committee composed of the officers and chairmen of the several subcommittees, a committee on War Savings Societies composed, as a rule, of a representa-

tive of each of the other subcommittees, finance committee, school committee, committee on speakers, committee on churches, committee on fraternal orders and other organizations, women's committee, committee on banks, stores, and railroads, publicity committee, manufacturers' committee, committee on colored people, and, in agricultural counties, a committee of farmers. A complete organization under this plan would take from seventy-five to a hundred and twenty-five of the leading men and women of the county. This form of organization was especially adapted to a campaign of education, inasmuch as there was a special committee to present thrift propaganda to each group of citizens. But the plan was not at all adapted to soliciting pledges. And when Mr. Vanderlip announced the June drive, it became necessary to effect a new organization in each County in the State. This, the third plan of organization, called for a County Chairman, a chairman for each township in rural districts and for each ward in cities and towns, and canvassers for each neighborhood. This compact, geographical organization was adapted to canvassing and soliciting and reporting pledges. The second type of organization, which was but an outgrowth of the first, was the one under which the counties operated from the time of their organization in the early months of 1918 until the first of June. The third type was the one under which they operated the balance of the year.

Early in the winter of 1917-1918 the Campaign of Education began. First, the State Director called a conference of one hundred of the most prominent citizens of the State to lay before them the plans and purposes of the Campaign. Then he called a meeting of the editors of the State. The purpose of the Campaign was brought to the attention of the teachers of the State in their assembly of 1917. Several speakers of note from outside the State made tours, addressing large and varied audiences on the War and the War Savings Campaign. Notably among them were Mr. Milton W. Harrison, then Secretary of the Savings Bank Section of the American Bankers Association; Mr. Harry Lasker of the Publicity Department of the National War Savings headquarters; Captain David Fallon of Australia, who before the War had been a teacher in the Military Academy of New South Wales and who during the War had been awarded the Military Cross by King George; Lieutenant A. Newberry

Choyce of the Lancaster Regiment, England, and Mr. Charles W. Whitehair, a returned Y. M. C. A. worker.

On February 12th and 13th, 1918, there was held in Raleigh the War Savings institute to which were invited by the Governor of the State, every county superintendent of public instruction, every superintendent of a town or city school, every general demonstration agent, every home demonstration agent, one physician from each county in the State, and the chairman of the county executive committee of each political party in the State. There were present six hundred and seventy-three delegates from one hundred counties, representing practically every industrial, social, political, and educational interest in North Carolina. The addresses of Mr. Whitehair, Mr. J. E. Kavanaugh, Col. Thomas B. McAdams, and Judge J. H. Moyle gave an impetus to the War Savings Campaign, the effect of which was felt the balance of the year.

As has been stated, every effort was made to reach every element of our people. In the spring of 1918 farmers were encouraged to plant Victory Acres, and devote the proceeds thereof to the purchase of War Savings Stamps. Children in town and country were encouraged to plant Thrift Gardens and use the money made from them for the purchase of Stamps. Men who were able to do so were asked to purchase \$1,000.00 worth of War Savings Stamps and join the Limit Club. Men of still larger means were asked to purchase \$1,000.00 worth of stamps for each member of their family and thereby join the Family Limit Club. Several colleges in the State were solicited to cover 100 per cent by having every student pledge himself to purchase one or more War Saving Stamps. The same plan was adopted for industrial plants.

It may be said that the first six months of the year 1918 were devoted to a campaign of education to show all the people of North Carolina that every one of them had a part in helping to win the War. There was scarcely a soul in North Carolina to whom some War Savings Worker did not carry a message about the War during the spring and summer of 1918.

The latter half of 1918 was devoted primarily to selling Stamps with which to help finance the War. In April Mr. Frank Vanderlip, chairman of the National War Savings Committee, called a conference in New York of the State Directors and their assistants. He laid before them a plan of campaign

for raising the State's allotment that had already been tried out successfully in Nebraska. The chairmen present, including Col. Fries of North Carolina, pledged themselves to put on the campaign outlined, and to do all in their power to sell the amount of Stamps that had been allotted to each of them. In North Carolina the months of May and June were devoted to preparation for the June drive. During May, district conferences were held in Winston-Salem, Charlotte, Fayetteville, Wilmington, New Bern, Elizabeth City, Weldon, and Asheville. A definite calendar was fixed for the month of June with specific duties assigned for each day. The chief features of the plan of the June drive were as follows: (1) A series of district conferences to acquaint the county chairmen with the plan; (2) a meeting of the local postmasters at the central accounting office of the county to provide for a supply of Stamps to meet the unusual demand that would result from the intensive drive; (3) the copying of the name and address of every individual who was able to buy one or more Stamps into a Pledge Record Book; (4) reconstructing the county organization so as to have a chairman for every township and ward, a leader for every school-house, and enough canvassers for every community; (5) designating Sunday, June 23, as North Carolina War Savings Sunday and asking Sunday-School superintendents and teachers and ministers to present War Savings to their respective audiences on that day; (6) making a house-to-house canvass for pledges during the first four days of the following week; and (7) conducting a meeting in each school-house at 6 o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, June 28, to receive reports of the canvass and to secure additional pledges enough to raise the balance of the township's or ward's allotment. President Wilson had previously designated June 28th as National War Savings day and said, "I earnestly appeal to every man, woman, and child to pledge themselves on or before the 28th of June to save constantly and to buy as regularly as possible the securities of the Government and to do this as far as possible through membership in War Savings Societies. The 28th of June ends this special period of enlistment in the great volunteer Army of Production and Saving here at home. May there be none unenlisted on that day."

The June drive was regarded as successful, though only nine counties were reported as having subscribed their allotment—

namely, Wilson, Cabarrus, Forsyth, Greene, Jones, Lenoir, Martin, Perquimans, and Pitt. Wilson County under the leadership of T. F. Pettus, chairman, enjoys the distinction of having subscribed its allotment by the end of the first day of the Campaign. As a result of the June drive, North Carolina subscribed \$30,390,790 in War Saving Stamps, including sales previously made. This lacked \$18,000,000 of the allotment of \$48,000,000.

The remainder of the year was devoted largely to the redemption of the pledge made in June. There was a series of drives to get the people to purchase the Stamps they had pledged. One was the Victory Drive, November 28th and December 6th. Another was the final drive later in December.

The fruits of the campaign in terms of money, being tangible and material, may be definitely counted. Our objective was \$48,666,380 or \$20 per capita, maturity value, for every man, woman and child—white and black—in the State. This is the same basis of apportionment that obtained over the entire Nation. At the end of the June drive, as has already been stated, the State had subscribed \$30,790,390 or not quite two-thirds of its allotment. At the end of the series of follow-up drives on October 1, the State had subscribed \$37,073,444 or a little over three-fourths of its allotment.

The Retail Merchants of North Carolina led the Nation in sales, as shown by the following excerpt from a letter of congratulation by Mr. Harold Braddock, Director, Savings Division, War Loan Organization, Washington: "It may be of interest to you to know that in no other State has the Retail Merchants' Division accomplished such gratifying sales. On several occasions the smaller towns have succeeded in overselling their quotas to the amount of four hundred per cent, but no State has made a record to be even compared with yours."

What the Negroes of North Carolina, who constitute 36 per cent of the total population, actually accomplished in War Savings cannot be determined with any degree of accuracy for the reason that no separate records either of pledges or sales were made for the races. In pledges it was noteworthy that the 14 black counties of the State pledged a larger per cent of their allotment than the State as a whole, that the 19 counties that subscribed or oversubscribed their allotment had a larger percentage of Negroes than the State as a whole, that the 49 coun-

ties that had more than an average colored population pledged above the average of the State, that the 51 counties that pledged 15 per cent over the average for the State had 4 per cent over an average of the colored population of the State. In sales the record of the Negroes is equally incomplete. No effort whatever has been made to ascertain the amount of Stamps owned by Negroes. But it is worth noting that Edgecombe County—one of the two counties of the State that oversold its allotment, the other one being Forsyth—has a population 60 per cent colored.

If one measures North Carolina's War Savings record in terms of money he finds that the record is incomplete. That is, North Carolina, asked to sell among its people \$48,666,380, sold only \$27,649,397; asked to sell 100 per cent of its allotment, it sold only 56.80 per cent; asked to invest \$20 per capita, it invested only \$11.36; asked to invest nearly 5 per cent of its wealth in War Savings Stamps, it invested only 2.71 per cent.

The success of the War Savings Campaign should not be judged so much by the amount of money it turned into the Treasury of the United States as by the effect it had upon the life and character of the people. The tangible fruit of the campaign, of course, is twenty-seven and one-half million dollars saved in 1918 and paid back in 1923 to constitute an immense working capital distributed among, perhaps, seven hundred and fifty thousand people of every walk of life. Altogether incalculable is the good that this huge sum did in paying wages, developing resources, building schools and churches and in getting young people started in the world. But might this twenty-seven and one-half million dollars not have been merely the seed from which grew many blessings that cannot be counted in terms of money or even of material prosperity?

At the end of the campaign of 1918 a questionnaire was submitted to each county chairman in which the question was asked: "In what respects do you consider that the War Savings Campaign of 1918 did the people of your county good?" The following is a symposium of their answers.

The War Savings Campaign made our people more thrifty. Thrift is the virtue which manifests itself in habits of industry and economy.

The War Savings Campaign made people more industrious by convincing them of the need of increased production and by arousing in them the desire to produce more as a means of help-

ing to win the war and to serve humanity. The new spirit of industry has manifested itself in the farm-boys planting Victory Acres and the Farm-girls Thrift Gardens, in boys and girls everywhere earning money with which to buy Stamps and in people of all ages and circumstances working with a new motive.

The War Savings Campaign made people more economical by convincing them of the sin of waste, by showing them how they could help win the War, by economizing in the consumption of labor and material, and in offering them a safe and convenient means of investing their savings. For the first time, the child with his pennies saved and the laborer with his dollar taken from his pay-envelope had a way to invest their savings at any time and at any one of over eight thousand places in the State by purchasing Government bonds—called War Savings Certificates—that bore as good or better rate interest than Liberty Bonds themselves. It opened the eyes of business men—even of those who had considered themselves prudent—to the value of small items. If millions of dollars could be accumulated by saving of quarters, then millions could be scattered by the waste of quarters.

Hereafter men will be more regardful of the small leaks and extravagancies in their business.

PATRIOTISM

The War Savings Campaign made our people more patriotic. In the beginning of the campaign Governor Bickett said that it would be worth while if it did nothing more than teach our people the necessity and righteousness of the war. The chorus of opinions of the County Chairmen was that the campaign not only reconciled our people to the War, but even made them hearty supporters of it in sections where real opposition to the War had existed. One could not make a War Savings appeal without at the same time explaining the necessity and maintaining the righteousness of the War. War Savings speakers, who went into every nook and corner of the State, to a greater extent than speakers ever did before, made themselves real educators of the people. They told the people in the remote sections what the War was about, how it started, why we were in it, what defeat would cost us, what victory might cost us and what part each one of us had in it. The people were made to see that it

was a people's rather than a Government's or an Administration's war. They were made to see that they, themselves, were warriors the same as their boys in khaki were. For the first time the people realized their partnership with the Government. What else could have created 750,000 Government bondholders in a State in which not over 8,000 people had even so much as seen a Government bond before the war.

Not only did the people come to have a new interest in and a more active loyalty to their country, but they came to have a new vision of the world and their part in it. When the soldiers returned with a new interest in world problems—as they most certainly did—they found a people who knew infinitely more about and were infinitely more interested in the world at large than they were before the War enlarged their horizon.

The War Savings Campaign helped to create a finer community spirit. It brought town and country together. It put politicians, business men, and preachers on the same platform to speak, or on the same team to solicit pledges. It made yoke-fellows of Democrats, Republicans and Socialists. It stimulated local pride. There was a desire for North Carolina to secure its allotment; and a greater desire for the county to secure its share; but the greatest desire of all was for the township or ward to do its part. Consequently, men and women of every class and calling worked together in a common cause and hereafter it has been easier for any worthy cause to command a united community support. In one of the towns of North Carolina, for instance, it had been conceded that the people would not work together. A new man in the community—a preacher—saw in the War Savings Campaign his opportunity to start community team work. One of the first daytime mass meetings in the history of the town was a War Savings Meeting. The people rallied to that heartily. It was regarded as really the beginning of a community spirit in that town that would thereafter make possible all kinds of worthy community efforts.

The War Savings Campaign did much to improve the relations between the white and colored races in North Carolina. In the War Savings Campaign, the Negro had upon his shoulder the responsibility of doing a full citizen's part. That is, he was expected to invest \$20 per capita the same as anybody else. The best men of his race—business men and professional—de-

voted their time and thought to the War Savings cause. The voice of community builders and patriots was heard above the din of politicians and race agitators. The white people of the State have learned who the real, dependable leaders among the Negroes are and have a new appreciation of their worth. The colored people, themselves, on the other hand, now know better than ever the constructive leaders of the white race. Controversial matters—politics and social life—were absent from their thought. A great common cause of their country's safety and humanity's welfare was uppermost in the thoughts of speaker and audiences. The colored people of the State saw the white people at their best and the white people saw the colored people at their best. The colored War Savings workers of North Carolina constitute the nucleus of a non-political organization of Negroes with whom the white people of the State may safely deal in grappling with any race problems that may arise in the near future.

The War Savings Campaign made our people more self-confident and self-reliant. It showed them how to become economically independent citizens. More than that, it astounded them to realize their own ability. It had taken them over two hundred years to accumulate savings of \$24 per capita. Who ever would have dared say that they could increase their per capita savings by nearly fifty per cent in one year's time? Yet that is just what they have done. Knowing North Carolina as it is—five hundred miles in length, sparsely settled in many sections, with three counties without a railroad and two without a bank, with one-third of its population colored and with colored people constituting two-thirds of the population in some sections—who ever would have dared say that in one year's time one person in three—white and black, man, woman, and child—would become an investor in Government bonds to the extent of \$11 per capita, not to mention the investment in Liberty Bonds. Yet that very thing has been accomplished. Our people had a new confidence in and reliance upon themselves, and hereafter a problem—even an imposing one—will be accepted as a challenge rather than as an occasion for despair.

DIARY OF COLONEL JOSEPH HYDE PRATT, COMMAND- ING 105TH ENGINEERS, A. E. F.

Commissioned April 25, 1917; called into U. S. Service July 25, 1917; mustered into U. S. Army July 30, 1917; commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel November 7, 1917; commissioned Colonel October 9, 1918. Home address: Chapel Hill, N. C.

This diary, for my wife, Mary Bayley Pratt, and my son, Joseph Hyde Pratt, Jr., was begun on board the transport Talthybius, Captain Hazeland, The Ocean Steamship Company, Liverpool, England. Owners: Alfred Holt & Company.

May 18, 1918. At Greensboro Mr. and Mrs. Grantham, whose son is in C Company, were very much disappointed not to see him. Sent a handclasp and God-bless-you to him by me.

May 18, 1918, Camp Sevier, S. C. First call, 4:30 a. m.; breakfast 5:00 a. m. Began to break camp 5:30 a. m. First company to leave, Company A, at 11:10 a. m.; last company to leave, Company E, 12:30 p. m. I left on first train via Southern Railway, leaving camp at 12:05 p. m. All were very glad to leave and be en route for France. At Kings Mountain, Bessemer City, Gastonia, Charlotte, Salisbury, High Point, and Greensboro there were large crowds out to see the troops. Left Greensboro about 9:30 p. m. This is the nearest point to home and the dear ones I will be for an unknown time (?). We are now rushing northward to a port of embarkation. May the time for the southbound trip be nearer than we now realize. Goodnight, my Mazie and my boy. My thoughts are of you two. I want to see you both.

May 19, 1918, En Route North. Reveille 7:30 a. m. Just out of Washington. Stopped one hour at Red Cross canteen in Baltimore and Ohio Railroad yards. Men were given 15 minutes hike. Then were served coffee and sandwiches by Red Cross. Their plant very complete and doing a great deal of good. At Philadelphia apples and cigarettes were given to the men. In all the places we pass through men, women and children wave and cheer. Perhaps our people are awakening to the seriousness of the situation and will get ready to fight until the desired end is accomplished.

Reached Jersey City at 5:05 p. m., over the C. N. J. R. R. Had to unload all cars, load material on ferry. Then unload from ferry on to train. Trainmaster said we made the best time of any organization. Reached Garden City, where we detrained at 8:30 p. m. We were in camp and all fixed at 11 p. m. Camp was very dirty and our men realized the value of the clean camp at Camp Sevier.

May 20, 1918, Camp Mills, N. Y. Reveille, no call on account of lateness of retiring. Breakfast, 7:30 a. m. Morning spent cleaning camp. Company E and casual camp came in about 1 p. m. (4th train) followed shortly by Company B and Company C (2d train), and Company D and Company E (third train). All were settled by 5 p. m. Very high wind all day. Dust very bad, worse than Arizona. Airships were flying constantly; as many as ten in the air at one time. This is the first time I have seen more than one air plane in the air at the same time. Camp very flat, black soil three to 18 inches in depth. This is underlain by a stratum of gravel, which is a good road material. Good roads could be made all over this camp with this. Roads are muddy and sticky after a rain.

May 21, 1918, Tuesday, Camp Mills, N. Y. Reveille, 6 a. m. Breakfast, 6:30 a. m. Today company inspection preparatory to inspection by Inspector to see if we are ready for overseas duty. This work interrupted frequently by rain. Lieutenant Lockey explained nature of inspection. Divided up the casual company and placed the men in their respective companies. No officer's mess. Field and staff officers eat at Headquarters. Others from company's mess. Mess kits are used by all.

May 22, 1918, Wednesday, Camp Mills, N. Y. Reveille 6 a. m. Inspection began at 8:30 a. m. A, B, C, D, E, F Train Headquarters Sanitary attached. Inspection satisfactory. Requisition was made for necessary supplies. These were more than expected, as all clothes that were torn or one-third or one-half worn were thrown out. Men were allowed to go into New York (20 per cent of regiment). Certain ones were allowed to spend the night. Went into New York 7 p. m. with Colonel Ferguson, who was en route to Boston. Went to theater to see "The Rainbow Girl."

Behavior of men is excellent. No A. W. O. L.'s. Inspector reported that showing of regiment was excellent. Made best record of any organization inspected at Camp Mills. Received verbal order regarding departure.

May 23, Thursday. Reveille 6 a. m. Drill 7:30 a. m. Received orders to move. To sail from Montreal, Canada. Wired Colonel Ferguson to return tonight (cipher). Spent day in preparation for departure and distribution of supplies. At night went over to the Garden City Hotel for hot water bath. Had room with private bath. Used room one hour. Hotel made no charge.

May 24, Friday. Colonel Ferguson returned this morning. Went to New York with Colonel at 11:45 a. m. Just missed train at Garden City. Waited one hour. Had dinner at Garden City Hotel. Change from mess kit to china very pleasing. Returned to camp at 5:30. Found orders had been received to leave camp 6:15 tomorrow. Bedding roll and trunk had to be loaded at once. Officers were left without blankets. Could just as well have been loaded Saturday morning.

May 25, Saturday, En Route to Montreal. Reveille 5 a. m. Breakfast, 5:30 a. m. Companies A, B and C ready to leave camp at 6:15 a. m. Marched to railroad where we waited one hour before our train was made up. Captain Myers is train commander. No A. W. O. L.'s. Crossed new bridge across Hell Gate. Splendid construction. Train stopped at New Haven half an hour where men were served coffee and rolls by Red Cross (12:30 p. m.). Railroad station burned two weeks ago. Enthusiastic crowds at all stations. No porter on Pullman. Officers made up their own berths. Went through Hartford and within a mile and a half of father and mother.

May 26, Sunday. Will not reach Montreal before 10 a. m., (due at 8 a. m.). Morning is cold. No breakfast. Reached Canadian Pacific Pier 10:10 a. m. Detrained at once and troops boarded steamer *Talhybius*, British line. Received papers and instructions. Only our own troops are on board. This is a large freight boat converted into a transport. We have 1,289 soldiers on board. We are coöperating with ship's master in mess, guard, lookouts, policing, etc. Myself and staff have splendid accommodations, but the other officers are

crowded. We have no lounging rooms, or any meeting rooms. Men are also very much crowded and all but about 125 have to sleep in hammocks. Ship has just been reconverted and we are the first to be transported. 10,250 ton vessel draws 31 feet of water, carries 14,000 tons freight, length 527, width 85. I hope it will be a steady boat. Captain Hazeland very agreeable and pleasant. Officers' mess good. My mess with Captain very good. One man taken with mumps and was sent to U. S. Base Hospital in Montreal. Foreign Service began today.

May 27, 1918, Monday, on board Transport Talthybius. Left Montreal at 4:30 a. m. Schedule as follows: Reveille, 6:30 a. m.; breakfast, 7 a. m.; sick call, 8 a. m.; police 8 to 9; drill, 9 to 10:30; inspection, 10:30; boat drill, 10:35; recall, 11:30; dinner, 12 m.; drill, 1:00-2:00 p. m.; boat drill, 3:15 p. m.; guard mount, 4:30; inspection, 4:30; supper, 5 p. m.; retreat at sunset; call to quarters, 8:15 p. m.; inspection, 8:30; taps, 9 p. m.

Officers' mess, 8:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 6:30 p. m. No accommodations whatever where either officers or men can meet for meetings and lectures. No deck space for drills. Platoons can be given physical drills twice a day. Men sleep in hammocks (O. K.), but too many men are in the different compartments. It makes it necessary to swing the hammocks too close together. Men mess on tables under their hammocks. Men and officers are making the best of all deficiencies and inconveniences and are cheerful and willing. Sail down the river has been delightful. When about ten miles above Quebec we had to anchor and wait for tide to give us sufficient water (waited from 4 to 6 p. m.), all were interested in seeing Quebec and Plains of Abraham. Left one pilot at Quebec and took on another. Saw large cantilever bridge.

May 28, 1918, on Transport Talthybius. Last night we had to anchor again from 10:30 p. m. to 4:30 a. m., waiting for tide. Stiff breeze all day, water not very high but still enough motion to give a slight uneasy feeling to me. Today we are sailing across the Gulf of St. Lawrence and it will take thirty-six hours before we turn south for Halifax. Mess arrangements for men were not very satisfactory, but we have arranged and started

a new method of feeding the men which I believe will work satisfactorily. This work will be under the supervision of Captain Armstrong. The captain of the ship and myself made a detailed inspection of troop quarters, latrines, wash rooms, galleys and decks each day at 10:30 a. m.

(ENCLOSURE IN DIARY)

HEADQUARTERS PORT OF EMBARKATION

Hoboken, New Jersey

Confidential

May 23, 1918.

Special Orders No. 133.

* * * * *

41. Lieutenant Colonel Joseph Hyde Pratt, 105th Engineers, senior officer in command of troops on board S. S. TALTHYBIUS, sailing from Canadian Pacific Piers, Montreal, Quebec, about May 26, 1918, will, upon boarding the ship, assume command of all troops on board.

Copies to:

2—C. O. Troops on board.

1—Adj. General.

1—S. S. Captain.

1—G. S. A. T. S.

RH:RM

By Command of Major General Shanks.

(Seal)

Official:

MAJ. D. A. WATT.

Adjutant.

R. E. LOGAN,

Lieut.-Col. A. G.,

Acting Chief of Staff.

May 29, 1918, on Transport Talthybius, Wednesday. All day long we have been sailing across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, most of the time out of sight of any land. Just before dark, 7:30 p. m., we came abreast of Newfoundland; and at 10:30 p. m., were abreast Cape Ray light. At this point we turned south en route to Halifax. Encountered several fog banks, but most of the day we were free from fog. Started our observers (or submarine lookouts) at work today under the direction of Lieutenant Thorne. At night ship is perfectly dark, no lights whatever allowed on deck, cabin or troop decks if there is any chance whatever of their being seen from the outside. It is still very cold and heavy clothes and overcoats are needed. Some motion to boat this p. m. and several were seasick.

May 30, 1918, on Transport Talthybius, Thursday. Awoke this morning at 6 a. m. We are sailing southwest for Halifax

about 25 or 30 miles off shore. Clear weather but still cold. No ice in sight but reported by wireless to extend out five to ten miles from coast. Icebergs reported to east of us. Regular routine work. At 4 p. m. three shots were fired from the 4.7 inch guns at barrel target. All were good shots. Whale was seen and it followed ship for many miles. Our meals are as follows: 6:30 a. m., coffee and toast; 8:30 breakfast; 12:30, dinner; 3:30, tea and toast; 6:30 supper. Weighed today, 182 pounds. Officers meeting at 8 p. m. Both officers and men need jacking up. Talked very plainly and emphatically to officers regarding their duty to their men and need of maintaining discipline. Officers are willing but are not yet seasoned.

May 31, 1918, on Transport Talthybius, Friday. Slept in my outer clothes last night and will probably do so until we reach England. Entered (Halifax) Nova Scotia harbor this a. m., about 5:30 o'clock. Beautiful, nearly land-locked harbor. Well fortified. Inner harbor protected by log nets stretched across to protect from submarines. These are closed at night. Anchored in upper bay (Bedford Bay) with five other transports. At 12:30 men visited by Major Tefft of Medical Department, and Mr. Cline, representing Quartermaster Department. Inspection satisfactory. Two men sent ashore on account of illness (gonorrhoea), reducing number to 1,286. Major T. and assistants took dinner with us. Have arranged for mail to leave boat at 4:30 p. m. Nearly all are writing farewell notes. Had a short visit from Col. E. G. Markham of the 303d Engineers. There are fourteen boats in convoy. British cruiser will convoy us several days before we are joined by destroyers. Our ship will be the left guide. Probably an eight or nine day trip across. No officers or men went ashore at Halifax.

June 1, 1918, Saturday, on Transport Talthybius. Left Bedford Bay of Halifax Harbor at 11 a. m. We are next to last ship in column. Fog delayed our departure about two and a half hours. Now partly cloudy and somewhat misty. On leaving harbor encountered fog bank and we are still in it (3 p. m.). Ships are still in single column. We are No. 13. Fog continued all day. Cleared a little at sundown and we could see eight of our ships, but it soon settled down again. All signaling now

is by whistles. No drills, as it is necessary to have it as quiet as possible in order to hear the signals. I am still holding my own, although I have some unquiet feelings. I have been somewhat overcome tonight with the responsibility that I have. I am responsible for the welfare of nearly 1,300 men; and I am conscious of all the dangers we are encountering, of the difficulties of caring for the men in case of a storm, or in abandoning ship. I am trying not to worry and am hoping for the best.

We had to leave another man at Halifax. He came down with measles. We are watching the others carefully for any suspicious symptoms. Am feeling very well and still have a good appetite.

June 2, 1918, Sunday, on Transport Talthybius. First day and night of convoy passed safely. There is still a heavy fog. No high calls while in the fog. While not in the general submarine zone, this is still considered a danger zone. Fog all day. Very depressing. We are, however, making our time of little over 11 knots per hour. Total distance zigzag course 2,700 miles (10 day trip). B Company man fell out of hammock this evening, broke collar-bone.

June 3, Monday. Still very foggy. Had a very good night's rest, regardless of the fog horn signals. Fog has not lifted at all today. At 5:30 p. m. we slowed down to 6 knots per hour for fear of icebergs. Temperature of water 38 degrees. At 9 p. m., inspected portion of ship, everything quiet. Three stars could be seen but fog still heavy low down. One of the convoys came within 500 feet of us and its "trailer" very much closer, some of the men thought it was a submarine and rushed for life belts. Goodnight, my Mazie.

June 4, Tuesday. Last night at 2:36 a. m. the ship picked up its speed again of 11 knots per hour. The fog is still very dense and there are no signs of its lifting. The British Cruiser, *Donegal*, which is escorting us, has just reported engine trouble and has dropped behind us. Fog lifted at 1 p. m., and none balance of day. All ships present but one. The cruiser came up abreast our ship at 5 p. m. Passed Swedish ship about 5:45 p. m. bound west. We are now beyond the banks and headed almost directly for coast of Ireland. The lifting of the fog and

the sunshine have had a wonderful effect upon the men, making them more like themselves once more. The full three days of fog have been very depressing. We are enforcing to fullest extent the order regarding lights on board. I am getting used to the thought of submarines, but the thought is still with us. We pray for another night of rest and quiet. Good night, my dear ones.

June 5, Wednesday. For the first time in five days the day opened with warm, cheery sunshine and it is reflected in the action of the men. Cloudy at noon and some wind. Sea not very bad. Regular routine work today. At 7:30 p. m. had an unexpected signal to abandon ship. A gun fired from the cruiser lent reality to the call. Our men did fine, all were in position in less than three minutes. It will be two days before we get into the zone where we are apt to see a submarine at any time. Now we may see one any time, but we hope for the best. Am becoming very much accustomed to the life on the steamer and do not mind the motion of the boat very much. Another day has passed bringing me that much nearer to England and one day nearer the time to return to you, dear heart.

June 6, 1918, Thursday. Cloudy but no fog. Cold wind all day. We are now drawing close to the zone in which we may expect to meet submarines. Will we pass through safely? Passed one ship today. It was off on our horizon. This is the sixth night out. Good night, my Mazie and my boy.

June 7, 1918, Friday, Transport Talthybius. A chilly, rainy day, with some mist, which might well be called a fog, except that it does not envelop us as the other fog did. Passed a very comfortable night, notwithstanding the fact that I slept partially dressed. Beginning tomorrow, or Sunday, night we will not undress at night. At noon a down-east storm came up and now, 8:30 p. m., it is pretty rough. Ship is rolling a good deal. Thus far I have refused to be seasick. Good night, Mazie.

June 8, Saturday. Woke up this morning to find a gale blowing and a very rough sea. I had 6:30 a. m. toast and coffee, but missed breakfast. The Captain calls this a "smart breeze." I should hate to be in his "gale." A good many seas come over our decks. Was able to go down to dinner. The sea is getting

rougher all the time and the waves higher. Went down to supper but felt more like lying down, which I did immediately after. The wind began to die down after supper. Tonight we reach the real danger zone and the captain told us to sleep in our clothes. For the next four days we will have anxiety regarding submarines. Good night my dear ones; God bless you and keep you till we meet again.

June 9, 1918, Sunday, Transport Talthybius. I was up at 4:45 a. m. and out on deck just as the sun was rising. The first sunrise I have seen on this trip. The sky had cleared, wind gone down, and sea much smoother, though still with a considerable roll. It was a beautiful sight, but I was too sleepy to enjoy it long, and soon was in my bunk again fast asleep. Had toast and coffee at 7:30 a. m. A beautiful sunshine day but chilly. Overcoat very comfortable. Submarines are now a menace and our lookouts are constantly on the alert. We will feel much safer when the torpedo boats meet us. Probably tonight about 2:30 a. m. (daylight). Our cruiser would not be much good as she is more afraid of submarines than we are. If we are hit by torpedo, all the rest of convoy keep on. None stop to help us. When the torpedo boats are with us, they help to rescue us. Thus until they come we are very anxious and hope no submarine will see us. Eclipse of Sun yesterday was not visible to us at all on account of cloudy weather. Today has been very beautiful and I have enjoyed it thoroughly except for the constant thought of submarines. Tonight we hope the torpedo boats will reach us and then we will feel a little more secure. It is not a pleasant feeling to be expecting to be hit by a torpedo any moment. We all sleep with our clothes on. The alarm for a submarine in sight is six short quick blasts of the steam whistle. Tonight at 9:30 it blew four times and the officers came running out thinking it was an alarm. Some were awakened from sleep. I knew what the four blasts meant so was not excited. It meant to stop zigzagging and take the regular course. The captain gave a good word puzzle tonight. What word of five letters, which is a plural noun, which prevents sleep, is a foe to peace, and which by adding "s" to it then becomes a singular noun, sweet in character and indicates affection? "Cares" plus "s" equals "Caress."

It is 12:30 a. m. and time to go to bed (?). Everything quiet thus far. Two hours to arrival of torpedo boats. Good night, my dear ones.

June 10, 1918, Monday. At 2:30 a. m. went out on deck to see the torpedo boats that had just met us. There are seven of them and they help to relieve the anxiety. I came near breaking my arm when I got up. As I was getting out of bath, a roll of the ship threw me out and I struck my arm against the sharp edge of the door that was open. I came out of it with a bruise.

At 12:30 p. m. (Greenwich time) 11:40 our ship time, there was a burial at sea of a U. S. soldier from one of the other ships. All the men were at their stations and stood with bared heads when the body was lowered into the water.

About 4 o'clock a very large steamer passed us convoyed by three torpedo boats. She had four funnels and was probably one of the large British steamers.

Tonight is probably the most dangerous time of our trip. We are right in the heart of the submarine zone; but we still hope for the best. We have tried to prepare ourselves for the worst if it comes. Good night, Mazie. Pray for tomorrow.

June 11, 1918, Tuesday. Awoke this morning to a most beautiful day; and if it was not for the lurking danger of submarines I could enjoy it to the utmost. I am enjoying it.

The convoy has been attacked by submarine or submarines. A sharp concussion shook the ship badly. I had call to boats sounded and in a few minutes we were all at our stations. The torpedo boats got after the submarine and fired five depth charges. What result we do not know. I had recall sounded but most of the men preferred to stay on deck. Our breakfast call (8:30 a. m.) sounded and the officers went below for breakfast. I will admit I would rather have stayed on deck. Ate my breakfast *as usual*, but not *quite so much as usual*. We are now entering the Irish Channel and are about 90 miles from land. This is a favorite place for the "subs" to attack and all day we will be in grave danger of another attack. I do not envy Ralph his job. The manner in which the destroyers rolled and tossed must give an uncomfortable feeling all the time. We do not know whether the submarine was destroyed or not. The information is not given out. I hope it was.

When the first shock came (which proved to be a depth charge) I thought the ship had been struck. It sure did jar us. The captain left his cabin the same time I left mine and he called to me, "The submarines are after us." I thought he said "The submarine has *got* us." You can imagine I was somewhat excited. I had life belt on in a few seconds and was out on deck where I could watch the troops. The call to the boats was answered promptly and without confusion. I felt proud of the men. All the morning we have been scanning the water for periscopes. About noon we came close to three black objects, which turned out to be "mine" floats and the ship hoisted the signal, to warn the others to look out for mines. One of the destroyers after firing the depth charges dropped behind to find out their effect. We do not know what she reported when she came up. About 2 p. m., a cigar shaped flying machine joined us and is now assisting in the lookout for submarines. A second one joined us at 3 p. m. and they stayed with us until 5 p. m. Land was first seen about 11:30, the west to southwest coast of Wales. Smell's lighthouse was next visible. Going up the Irish Sea, the land becomes nearer and by night we shall be within fifteen to twenty miles of land on each side. It is a strange feeling that comes over me as I see for the first time the "Motherland." It is the home of all your people and mine. My first visit is to join with my kin in fighting a common enemy. Tell Joe about it. The British and the Americans are fighting together as one people. It will do us a lot of good.

One more anxious night and the first of the trip to the scene of action will be over. What is before us we do not know, nor where we are going. Will probably get orders in the morning. I stayed up till 12:30. Made three tours of the deck during that time. A very unpleasant occurrence happened last night. The order from the flagship was that no lights whatever were to be shown. Some one turned on the high stern light (which had not been lit during the whole trip). One ship called our attention to it and it was turned out; later it was turned on again and the cruiser signaled over that the light was on and that it was endangering the whole convoy. We again put out the light but were unable to apprehend the man. I have tried all day to get

some trace of him but without success. Tonight we will again sleep in our clothes and hope for no disturbances.

June 12, 1918, Wednesday, on board Talthybius and en route to Dover. I was up this morning at 2:30 a. m., and saw the convoy make the turn into Liverpool Bay and go into column of ships. I went back to bed and slept soundly until 6:00 a. m., when I got up for the day. We are still in the track of submarines but land is so close we do not have the uneasy feelings we had before. We still stick to the life belts. We had to anchor off the sand bar at the mouth of Mersey River as there was not sufficient depth of water for our ship. We had to wait until 12:30 p. m. The sail up the river to Liverpool was most delightful and full of interest. The town across the river from Liverpool was exactly like the descriptions I have read. It was a beautiful sight. The tremendous dock system with use of locks was beyond anything I had thought of. I wish I could have had more time to study them. It took us from 1:30 to nearly 5 p. m. to dock the ship. Immediately we made preparation to disembark and at 5:50 we were on train en route to Dover. All we saw of Liverpool was from the ship and the walk along a waterfront road to depot where we took the London and Northwestern to Dover. Reached here at 3:15 a. m. Detrained and marched to camp about a mile and a half from depot. We are billeted in old Dover and well taken care of. They gave us a bite to eat before turning in (now 4:20 a. m.). We can hear aeroplanes flying overhead but can not see them. All windows are darkened. I have been to England. Made a trip across the country, saw a bit of station and three lamp posts in London at 1:30 a. m. But I have seen London. Also saw Stafford and Rugby. At Rugby we were furnished coffee and then had to pay £4.11 shillings for it. It was not a gift. I am tired and sleepy, my Mazie, and must turn in. Good night, dear heart.

June 13, 1918, Thursday. I do not realize that I am in England, that we are separated by the Atlantic ocean. While many things are strange to me yet most things seem natural. The first startling difference was that of the railroad trains. The small cars, both passenger and freight, looked strange and weak, as

though they would not support even a moderate load. The wheels looked large and made the bodies of the car appear to be high above the rails. They impressed me very much as being somewhat like the old style of cars we see in pictures. The rails are raised off the ties which also gives a different appearance to the road bed.

The general finished appearance and kept-up appearance of the little towns and the farms are very striking. In this respect Old England is to New England as New England to the South. The striking contrast between the vivid green of the foliage and crops and the red brick, red tile houses, called to mind the sketches I have read of Old England. There was no vacant land, everything was under cultivation and intensive cultivation, or in forest, pasture, etc. Some legitimate use was being made of it.

Several things have happened to make me realize that I was out of America and near the scene of action. At Rugby they would only sell two sandwiches to one person, no sugar in coffee. At restaurants here in Dover you have to sign food cards before you can get served to most things to eat. At intervals throughout the city are signs pointing to places where people can go if on the street during an air raid. Some are built in cellars and some in the cliffs. Quite a number of people have been killed in Dover from these raids. The last raid was about three weeks ago. I also saw the place where the first airplane landed which made the flight from Calais to Dover "over the Channel." It is up on the top of the cliff in the meadow that used to be the old tourney ground of the Knights of Dover Castle. I had the extreme pleasure of visiting and going over, on top and under this castle, which now belongs to the Duke of Salisbury. It looked and I saw it just exactly as I have read descriptions of the place. I knew the different parts and what to look for and they were all there. The chalk or limestone cliff upon which the castle is built is an easy rock to tunnel in and advantage was taken of this. Over six miles of underground tunnels have been dug. Saw the location of the dungeon. Three tiers, only entrance by small entrance from tunnel. Ventilation must have been bad and suffering indescribable.

June 14, 1918, Friday. Left Dover this morning for Calais, France. Only A, one-half of B, C, Engineer Train and part of Sanitary came with us. We were at the dock at 8 a. m., but did not leave until 9:30. All preparations were made for submarine attack, or for being struck by a mine. We were convoyed by three destroyers. Every man was supplied with a life belt. Colonel Markham of the 303d Engineers, was on board and therefore commanding officer of troops on the boat. I was assigned "aft" to look after rafts and keep the men under control. We made the crossing of the channel without any accident. I had heard so much about the rough trip that I fully expected to be seasick but escaped. On reaching Calais our nearness to the front was again emphasized by the many, many wounded who were being unloaded from trains and ambulances and carried into boats for England. We formed the column on the docks and then marched to a Rest Camp about a mile and a half from the dock. The "rest" is questionable. This is the dirtiest camp we have been in yet. Officers are in large tents about twenty-four to a tent. Washing and bathing facilities are poor, but we will get along all right. The men are twelve to sixteen in small tents, no beds or mattresses, just their own blankets.

Air raids are frequent here and trenches and dugouts are available for those who are not in protected tents. We are not; our trench is about 300 feet from our tent. They are protections against shrapnel and flying splinters, etc. If the bomb hits your trench near you, your chances are slim of getting out whole. It was a very windy day, dry, and there was consequently a great deal of dust. The camp is in a sand flat, which made walking difficult. The walk over from the train was hot, the camp looked very uninviting, unkempt, unclean, the men were hungry and thirsty and were halted on our Block Parade Ground in six inches of sand. There was considerable speculation as to what we were to do, where to go, and what to become. There was no complaining among the men. The men stacked arms and were soon marched to mess hall. I have had a very depressed feeling all the evening. I am heartsick for you, dear heart, and kiddie boy, and the quiet of the dear home at Chapel

Hill. I am sleepy tonight and must turn in. I hope to get a good night's sleep regardless of the thought of air raids.

June 15, Saturday. About 10:30 last night there was considerable firing from the post, and air planes were heard. We in our tents all stayed abed. It was said to have been a small air raid. It rained last night which settled the dust and makes living here more comfortable. We have changed our U. S. rifles for the British rifles. Our men have also given up their Barracks Bags and all extra clothing has been turned in. The men now carry all their possessions on their backs. This all indicates that we are to be behind the British lines. Our camp is about thirty minutes' walk from the center of town. I walked down this morning and bought a Sam Brown belt, which I do not want, but have to have. Also bought one of the small hats or caps which I have to have but do not like. The town is very interesting, particularly the old town. All around the center of town are dugouts for the civilian population. Many of the houses are banked up with sand bags for protection. There are several beautiful parks which are being kept up in first class condition. Considerable area in each is devoted to the cultivation of crops. Gardeners are at work cultivating flowers, transplanting same, and carrying on as in peace time. Absence of young men is noticeable, and a great many women and girls are in black. In the afternoon I went down again to the Bank of France and changed U. S. money into French at the rate of 5.6 francs to the dollar.

June 16, 1918, Sunday. Last night was a mean one for me. Evidently ate something that did not agree with me and then with my nerves which have all been on edge for some time. I ended up with a chill, nauseated and with a little fever. Have been nauseated all day and have eaten but little. My men all went to gas school this morning, had gas masks fitted, and tested, and went through the gas house. Also they were issued the steel helmets. This noon Colonel Markham of the 303d Engineers, Lieutenant-Colonel _____, of the 303d Engineers, and myself went over to the gas school. The gas mask almost gets the best of me. I nearly suffocate with it, and can

hardly control myself from tearing it off. This is one of the worst phases of the war to me.

Had another air raid last night. I understand two bombs were dropped, but neither hit the camp.

I hated to have my men's clothing depleted as was done yesterday. I do not believe they have been left sufficient clothing for their comfort. They now only have two blankets, one suit of clothes and no overcoat. Will not get these again until October 1. The nights are *cold* and I have slept under three to four blankets.

Tonight I feel better but am still nauseated and not hungry. I have to force myself to eat. I am extremely homesick and lonesome. Good night, dear heart.

June 17, 1918, Monday. Another air raid last night about 11:30. No damage. Today we are entraining from Calais for Andreaug, about twelve to fifteen miles a little south of east. We thoroughly policed the portion of the "rest camp" we had used. Just before it was time for us to leave the major in charge of camp came to my camp and stated that our part of the camp had not been satisfactorily policed. I sent Captain Myers with him to investigate and a little later the major returned and apologized to me. Said our part of the camp was very satisfactorily policed, that the part in question had just been vacated by the 303d Engineers, and *not* the 105th Engineers.

My stomach is still bothering me. I hope when we get to our training camp that Captain Hunter will be able to help me. It was about three-quarters of an hour's walk to the Fontinette depot. I stood this walk all right. We passed through the portion of the city that had been bombarded by airplanes. Some houses were very badly demolished, others had walls cracked. Windows were broken for a wide radius. The people are evidently very fond of laces and curtains. Even the poorer looking homes have clean white curtains at the windows.

The train today was made up of freight cars, first, second, and third class coaches. We put twenty-five men in each freight car. I had a very comfortable first-class compartment. Our men were given supper at the station at 3 p. m., which was to last them until the next morning. Coffee was also served in

their cups. The train ride was only forty minutes, but before we reached our destination most of the men had eaten all their food. We marched about three miles to a little village called Nortkerque, where we were billeted for the night. The men were all billeted in barns, from twenty to sixty to a barn. Clean straw was on the floor and the men were comfortable. All officers were billeted in houses. I was well taken care of. At 8:30 we had an officers' meeting and decided on the time of departure, etc., for the next day. Our rations for the next day were sent to us at Nortkerque, but we had no range or anything to cook them. Arrangements had to be made with the people to let us make coffee and cook bacon on their stoves. About 9:30 p. m. Captain Humphries came over from Division Headquarters in a car to take me to Nordausques, where Colonel Ferguson was located. We reached there about 10:00 and I was sure glad to see him again. He has been made Corps Engineer and I become acting Division Engineer.

Major Herr, Chief of Staff.

Lieutenant-Colonel Burnett, G. 3, Billeting.

Skinner, G. 2.

Major Pope, G. 1, Transportation.

Major Perkins, R. E.

Aid to General Blacklock of 39th Division, to which we are attached.

Lieutenant-Colonel Couchman, C. R. E.

General (or Colonel) Babington, Army Corp Engineer.

Nordausques

Guard on Division Dump.

Infantry Unloading Detail, 30.

Each Engineer Company in line, 700 laborers.

Liaison for Engineers.

Army Dump 10-12 miles back of line.

Corps Dump 6-7 miles back of line.

Division Dump 4-5 miles back of line.

Engineer Supplies: Topographic, Pontoon, Roads, Bridges, Trench Camouflage, Mining Obstacles.

June 8, 1918, Tuesday. Colonel Ferguson told me this morning that we were going out to the second line trenches beyond Cassel. We were accompanied by Major Herr, Chief of Staff, and a British officer. We went *via* Watten, St. Omer, Argues to Cassel. It was a long way around but we, in trying to take a short cut, struck a road that was closed for repairs, and we

had to go on through St. Omer. Here we struck the main road to the front and there were countless auto trucks, wagons, etc. We were constantly passing "army dumps" of shells, etc., all camouflaged. British troops were at work on the roads keeping them up. At Cassel we went up to the roof of a hotel where we had a most extensive view from the ocean away into Belgium. We could see the location of the German lines and all, where they were shelling our lines. *At present* a very quiet sector. I saw Mount Kemmel that was recently captured by the Germans. Could see about where Ypres was situated but it was too hazy to see it. The view was most beautiful in every direction. Beautiful villas and villages, splendidly cultivated fields, etc. We had dinner at a hotel in Cassel, *very good, very expensive*. The city is built on top of a limestone hill, rising out of the plain.

After dinner we took the machine and made an examination of the location of the second line trenches and headquarters of the various battalions, regiments, etc. The trench system is practically in a level plain, slightly rolling. We also followed as closely as possible the front line trench of this system. Went almost to Hazebrouck. This is the closest we got to the front line. If heavy shelling had started we would have been in the danger zone. I saw thirty-eight airplanes in the air at one time. Many of them were very high in the air and it looked as though they were attacking. Streaks of smoke were seen frequently, but it may have been simply signaling. We spent about three hours looking over this trench system. We came back to Cassel via St. Sylvester. This town has been bombarded very little. The largest church has a hole in one wall near the roof. We were within four miles of the Belgium line. Mount Kemmel is in Belgium. The ride home was very delightful, and very much enjoyed. Coming into Watten from the east we came out on a ridge from which we have a splendid view of the town and canals. I am more and more impressed with the completeness of what has been done, houses, streets, canals, roads, fields, farm houses.

At supper tonight, Major, now Lieutenant-Colonel, Taylor, told me the good work of the Third Division, on or near the line

in front of Paris. This Division had gone through some maneuvers in liason very unsatisfactorily, and General Pershing had ordered them to spend the next week working on the problem. The following week they went through the same problem again very creditably. They had hardly finished before the Division was ordered to the front line trenches. A machine gun battalion was assigned a sector which the Major thought was in an out of the way place and that he had been assigned to it simply to get him out of the way. He found his place, arranged to set up his machine guns, and then noticed about 600 yards away a column of troops coming down a hill. He saw that they were Germans and called his captains together and they arranged to fire on them. The column turned towards them and were still coming down the hill, so the major held his fire until the column was within 250 yards of his machine guns, when he opened fire on them with twenty-four guns. (This was open warfare). It was dusk and they did not find out the full extent of the attack until next morning. Then over 1,000 dead were counted. The wounded had been removed during the night. It was estimated that there probably were 7,000 in the column. The attack was broken completely.

The French had only assigned a very small area to this Division, but after this effort it was increased and soon this Division was holding a sector three times as big as had been held by the French Division. A small piece of wood had balked the French for days and they had had a Division nearly broken up in attacking it, without any results. They had sent for siege guns and were waiting for them to be brought up before making another attack on the woods. The C. O. of the Third Division requested that the wood be included in his sector, which the French very gladly acceded to. The Staff Officer of the Third Division had studied the map thoroughly and found that a sunken road extended along the left flank of the wood and offered a good opportunity to flank the wood. Plans were made and while the woods were being shelled, a battalion of the Third Division went out this road and got in behind the wood. At a given signal the fire from our lines ceased and the battalion charged with fixed bayonets. They cleaned out the wood,

captured 150 machine guns, took about 250 prisoners, and in the report given, left no one to carry news of the disaster back to the Germans. Our line was moved up to include the woods, and the French the next morning were astonished at what we had accomplished and wanted to know how it was done. This news aroused the enthusiasm of the officers and made me feel more optimistic.

June 19, 1918, Wednesday. Colonel Ferguson left me this morning to go to Corps Headquarters at Fruges. This leaves me as Division Engineer and Regimental Commander. The Colonel has been made Corps Engineer.

After he left I went out to Sanghen to my regimental headquarters. Found all my men comfortably settled, and the work going on nicely. Headquarters are at Sanghen; First Battalion at Alembon; Second Battalion at Herbingham; Engineer Train at Hocquinghein. I took dinner at Headquarters mess, went over the work with the Adjutant, and returned to Division Headquarters at Nordausques about 2 p. m. I went out in a motorcycle side car. This is the first time I have ever ridden in one. I had my maps and found my way without much trouble. We went *via* Tournehem, Bonnibgues, Clerques, and Licques. I had a truck (or Lorrey, as it is called here) go out and bring in my trunk, bedding roll and three field desks. I have established Division Engineer Office in two rooms in a private home on the main road. They were formerly used by Division Headquarters. I am very comfortably fixed for office and very comfortably and delightfully settled for my habitation. It is in a beautiful chateau with extensive grounds that are still being maintained in pretty good shape. I have a large room on the second floor overlooking a meadow with a good trout stream, or river, flowing through it. An elderly lady and her daughter live there.

Tonight I was reading a newspaper in front of my window at 9:50. I am not used to the long twilight. It is light in the morning about 3 a. m. My Mazie's picture and the boy's are watching me tonight.

June 20, 1918, Thursday. Spent most of the day at Division Engineer office. Just after supper the men and the ladies of

the home were out in the yard and they invited me to look at their garden, flower and vegetable. It made me homesick for mine. The roses were very beautiful and also the pinks. Vegetable garden looked splendid. The strawberries were ripening and I had a handful of delicious ones. Some were perfectly white and yet ripe and sweet. Later we went into the house and as soon as the light was lit all blinds had to be shut.

June 21, 1918, Friday. Division Headquarters nearly all the morning. Called on the C. R. E. this morning in regard to engineer supplies and location of engineer dumps. At present we have no supplies and no transportation facilities. I tried all the morning to get a conveyance to take me out to the Regiment. Finally arranged for one for the afternoon. Left Division Headquarters about 1:50 p. m., and made a fast trip to camp trying to reach there by 2:30, at which time Colonel Campbell of the British Army was to deliver a lecture on physical training and bayonet work. I reached the drill field where all the regiment was assembled at 2:25 and then we waited until 2:45 before the Colonel showed up. He gave a good talk, that was helpful and encouraging. The boys all looked well and seemed contented. They are all billeted in barns and sleep on straw. The officers have rooms in near-by houses. After the lecture I visited the Headquarters of the Second Battalion and the Train, found everything in good shape. The policing is well done. The handicap is the manure piles in each court. The people will not let you clean them up and they are not very sanitary. The bigger the pile the more influential the family. Came back to Division Headquarters by a new road, through Guemy. Traveling over the country is very interesting indeed and there is always something new turning up to attract the attention. I have been extremely interested in road maintenance and reconstruction. Find that some of my ideas are being put into practice over here.

June 22, 1918, Saturday. Visited C. R. E. this morning and discussed location of Engineer dumps at second line trenches. At 1 p. m. started for Cassel with the C. R. E., Colonel Couchman and Major Fair, of the Military Police. Left the Major as Cassel and then the C. R. E. and myself examined location

for "forward Regimental Engineer dumps" and location for the Forward Divisional Engineer dump. Paid a visit to a company of Royal Engineers who are now working on this second line. It was near 4 p. m., and he wanted us to take *tea* with him. We declined as we were in a hurry to finish our inspection and get back to Cassel by 4:30 p. m. We next stopped at Hendeghen to see Colonel Close, R. E. He also wanted us to take *tea* with him, but we declined. We had told Major Fair we would be back for him at 4:30 and we reached the square at just 4:30 with a tire down. Colonel Couchman immediately suggested that we have *tea* while waiting and *tea* we had, with toast and sweet cakes. It tastes all right but I hate to see them stop work every afternoon for tea. The cost was 50 cents apiece. We came home by way of Wallon Cappel, Argues and St. Omer. From Wallon Cappel west there was a continuous line of ammunition dumps, from cartridges for rifles to heavy shells. All to be used to destroy man. It makes me almost sick to think of the human destruction that must take place before this war is over. I almost cry out when I think what my boys must go up against and that many of them will not come back. But it must go on until a victory for human liberty and freedom of thought can be assured. The waste of life is awful; the best is being stricken down and *only a very few* want it.

June 23, Sunday. Stayed in Nordausques all day. Considerable office work to be done, also night work getting ready for march problem on Monday.

June 24, Monday. Busy all day with march problem. First Battalion with northern column. Second Battalion with southern column. Each had a detachment with the advance guard. I stayed at Division Headquarters and my messengers kept me constantly informed of their position. Our liason was extremely good.

June 25, Tuesday. Morning devoted to office work in Division Engineer office. Reading General Orders, Special Orders, memoranda, etc. In afternoon had a *hot water* shower bath. First time since leaving Camp Mills. While taking the bath is the only time I have been real warm since reaching France except when in bed. Colonel Ferguson came in to Division

Headquarters. His appointment as Corps Engineer has been issued by Headquarters, A. E. F., and he is relieved of duties of C. O. of 105th Engineers. For the time being it places me in command of Regiment and makes me Division Engineer.

Talked with Colonel Ferguson about Corps and Division Engineer work. I told him if they put another Colonel at head of Regiment I wanted to go with him. Went out to Regimental Camp with **Captain Humphreys** and Major Pope, one of the U. S. officers recently attached to Division Headquarters, as G. 1. His attitude is "I know it all" and the U. S. National Guard is no good at all. To me he is very hard to get along with. He is "small." Tries to see something to find fault with, but does not help you.

June 26, Wednesday. Went to Regimental Camp this morning, with Colonel Ferguson. Inspected Regimental Headquarters, First Battalion and Second Battalion Headquarters. I returned in the Colonel's car to Division Headquarters as he had to go later to another Engineer Camp. We made the trip to Division Headquarters in about twenty minutes. We only hit the high places of the road. The Colonel and I talked over many things in connection with the training and condition of the Regiment. He knows nothing as yet as to who will be placed in command of the Regiment. There seems to be objection and *aversion* on part of the U. S. officers to put a National Guard officer in charge of a Regiment.

June 27, Thursday. Left Division Headquarters for Regiment Camp about 8:30 a. m., expecting to stay two or three days. Before leaving I was told that we might get orders to leave for the front on the 28th. On reaching camp I ordered the Regiment to prepare to break camp the next morning. I then went over routine matters with the Adjutant and later went out to the rifle range to see A Company practice on the thirty, and three hundred yard range. Had a phone message from Division Headquarters that Regiment was ordered to leave Sanghen the next morning three hours after zero hour, and that Major Pope would be out in the morning to go over the order with me. I waited until 4 p. m., before he came. He stated that II Corps order had been received for us to move and that Division Order

would be sent out later. I gave my orders for the Regiment, and returned to Division Headquarters with Major Pope via Headquarters of the 39th British Division. We had to arrange for horse shoes and equipment with which to put our horses in shape. This was arranged by sending men and shoeing outfits from the British Train, from the 118th Infantry. We ordered shoeing to begin at daylight. I had to make arrangements for transporting my sick from Regimental Camp to Divisional Headquarters and for taking care of my extra supplies that were not to be taken to the front. I left Division Headquarters at 9 p. m. for Regimental Camp, stopping en route at Licque Hospital where I arranged for two ambulances to come over the next morning to Sanghen and get my sick men and those unable to walk and take them to Division Headquarters. Reached camp about ten and from then to midnight was completing plans of the march. The last order was sent to Company Commanders at 11:45 p. m. I slept on the floor of office wrapped in my blankets. An airplane had to come down, near First Battalion this afternoon. It was en route for England to be left for general repairs. The aviator was to bring back a new one. We put a guard over the machine and arranged to send the aviator over to an aviation base where nearly all the machines report when en route to England. The aviator was only recently out of the hospital. He had been wounded while attacking a trench. Several machines form a line and at a certain signal all dive toward the trench firing their machine guns. They sometimes go as low as 75 feet above the trenches and then dash upward at a terrific speed. This method of attack is also used against marching troops.

Came near having a bad accident today. The entrance to my officé is only about five feet and eleven inches high. In entering the office this afternoon I was walking rapidly and failed to stoop sufficiently to clear the door frame, with the result that I received a very severe blow on top of the head that nearly knocked me over. I had on the heavy campaign hat that saved me from a very bad wound. My head ached some and felt sore but I did not pay much attention to it. At supper it began to hurt some and I began to feel faint and sick at my stomach.

One of the officers asked me a question, but it was nearly a minute before I could answer him. I was soon all right again but felt a little faint all the evening. The ride out to camp and the excitement of getting ready to move camp helped me some to get over it.

June 28, 1918, Friday. Today we began our first real "war march." We started for the "front." We were up at 6 a. m. and the column left the initial point on time, 8:50 a. m. Everything went smoothly except a little tangle of transport and foot soldiers. I reached the initial point and found the road blocked. The transport of the First Battalion, failing to get in its place in the column behind the foot troops of the First Battalion, tried to pass the Second Battalion who were in behind the First Battalion. This filled up the road completely. To add to the tangle two motor ambulances came up and more completely blocked the road. I ordered the First Battalion to move forward for six minutes and then halt. Ordered the First Battalion transport to follow immediately behind the First Battalion. As they got into line they were to all hug the right hand of the road. As the transport pulled into line I had the motor ambulances follow and pass the First Battalion and at the end of six minutes the road was clear, every unit in place and we were well on our way to the front. I walked as I did not care much for my "steed." In fact, I could make better time on my feet. We marched at the rate of two and a half miles per hour and rested the last ten minutes of the hour. Our march was via Quercamp, La Wattine, Norbecourt to Inglenham, where we *bivouaced* for the night. It was a beautiful day and I enjoyed the tramp through the country very much indeed. The fields of grain and grass were filled with red poppies. They are not as thick as the yellow poppies of California and Arizona, but they remind me of our visit. We ate dinner along the roadside, consuming at the same time a great deal of dust. We reached Inglenham at 3:10 p. m. I picked out our camp ground on the north side of hill "104," a good place and plenty of room for all. We carry around our water in water carts which are filled at "certified" sources of supply. We had to send the carts about a mile and a half for water. The C. O. (myself

in this case) is given the best place and always looked after whether he wants to be or not. The men had recently been paid off, but had not been near any canteen until they reached Inglenham. Here they all spent a part of their funds for chocolate, sweet cakes, tobacco, etc. I am a little afraid of an air raid tonight.

(ENCLOSURE IN DIARY)

June 28, 1918.

COL. PRATT:

Instead of conferring with Lieutenant-Colonel Close as directed in Paragraph 2 of memorandum order, you will report to Major-General Kenyon who is in charge of the sector in question of the 40th Division at Ebblinghem Chateau.

J. K. HERR, C. S.

June 29, 1918, Saturday. Fortunately we had no aeroplane attack last night. I was a little fearful that a German might have seen us and bring over an air raid during the night.

We broke camp and the head of the column passed the initial point promptly at 9 a. m. I rode my horse for the first hour and then walked the next and rode the third period. We stretched out over a considerable area as we marched with an Advance Guard and ten yards between platoons, 100 yards between companies, and 500 yards between battalions. Our objective today was Arques, via Moulle, Tilques, and Stomer, to Arques. It took some time to get the regiment billeted, but before supper time all were settled. We were in that portion of the city north of the canal. We placed a sentry at each bridge over the canal, as I did not want my men to cross. Colonel Ferguson visited me again this afternoon, and I persuaded him to spend the night with us. We went over to Ebblinghem Chateau to see Major-General Kenyon regarding the engineering work to be done near Cassel on the trench system (2d line).

June 30, 1918, Sunday. There was an air raid last night over Arques and St. Omer. Some bombs were dropped but not very near us. The thought that an airplane is flying around dropping bombs does not improve your sleeping conditions. We were billeted in area that had been bombed. The column was formed and left the initial on time (9 a. m.). I put Captain Boesch in charge of the Regiment, as Colonel Ferguson wished

me to go on ahead with him to look over the areas where our troops are to live. We went in his auto first to Barinehove, then to Oxelaere. We left Lieutenant Ellicott, who came with us, at the R. R. at Barinehove, after we had looked over the billeting area together. The Colonel and I then went out to Dooneart to see Lieutenant-Colonel Close who has charge of the area in which our troops are to work. This took me through some new territory which I was very glad to see: Arneke, Oehtezeele, Wemaer, Cappel and Zuytpeence. I went over thoroughly with Colonel Close regarding the work on the second line trenches from Le Brearde to Rweld. Obtained maps of the work done and a map showing the three lines of defense in front of and to the rear of Cassel. We got back to Oxelaere in time for dinner. Found that Regimental Headquarters were in a beautiful chateau. The Second Battalion and Train billeted in and around Oxelaere. The First Battalion are *bivouaced* at Terdeghem, as they will be the first battalion to begin the work on the trenches. The men sleep in their shelter tents and these are pitched under the trees and under the hedges, so that the tents will not be visible to airplanes. This camp is within the shelling area of the German lines. I was very glad to have Colonel Ferguson with us during the day while straightening out our camps. Many of our officers slept out in the open. The British wished to *bivouac* us altogether in a small area. I objected to this as it made us more conspicuous, and also a shell would do a great deal more damage than if the men were separated. Many of the shells and bombs have a stick attached to them which hits the ground first and fires the shell or bomb 12 inches to 18 inches above the ground. This causes the shrapnel and broken pieces of the shell or bomb to scatter at a height that will catch men on the going. To protect against this the men build dirt or sandbag walls three feet high around where they are to sleep. This is a protection against shrapnel as it flies out sideways. Colonel Ferguson left in the evening for Fruges.

July 1, 1918, Monday. The worst air raid we have been in took place last night. Several bombs were dropped that sounded as though they were very close and that we were the

target. The search lights picked out the German machine and the anti-air-craft gunners fired a good many shots at it. It was very exciting and annoying. The firing on the front line could be heard very plainly, and flashes from the guns and shells could be seen. From Cassel, which is on a hill, a splendid view can be obtained at night of the location of the enemy's and our trenches. The flares and rockets lit up the general location of the trenches. There are three anti-air-craft batteries near us and last night all three were firing at the air-craft. I had a conference of Battalion Commanders and Adjutants this morning at 10:30, and went over with them the work they are to do and the training we must keep up at the same time. In the afternoon I tried to borrow an auto to go out to the trenches but failed. I sent Captain Myers out in the motorcycle sidecar and then had it return for me. We made an inspection of trenches and wiring from the La Briarde road to the St. Sylvester-Cappel road. The wiring south of this road is completed and the Australians are putting in a strong point just north of the La Briarde road. There is one line of wire in front of the main line of defense trench. Our first work is to put in two more lines, making two bags of wire. We will then, if we have time, make the entanglement 25 yards wide. We also have some Observation Posts to build and machine gun emplacements to locate. There are a good many French and British troops on this line. The Germans were able to get an aerial photo of these trenches and have got their range at several points. At one place we counted eight shell holes in a very small radius. At St. Sylvester-Cappel the church has a shell hole through it. The shell struck the roof, penetrated it, struck the side wall just over a window and went through that wall. The shell did not explode until it reached the ground. The cross-roads just east of St. Sylvester-Cappel have been shelled a good deal and a great many of the buildings have been destroyed. All are deserted. Took dinner with Major Harris of the British Army. He is in charge of anti-air-craft.

(ENCLOSURE IN DIARY)

I. VII. 18.

DEAR COLONEL:

Will you come and have dinner tonight and we can talk things over. We dine about 8 p. m.

Yours sincerely,

E. C. HARRIS, *Major, O. C. T., B. 7, H. B.*

July 2, 1918, Tuesday. Air raid not as bad as Monday night. Had a very bad night last night and this morning my stomach is bothering me a good deal. I could not eat any breakfast. Feeling of nausea all the time. May be a case of nervous indigestion. Whatever it is it is keeping me very uncomfortable. Was busy all day in the office, planning work and looking after details. About 6:30 p. m. Colonel Close, R. E., of the British called for a conference regarding the work on the line. After he left I sent for Captain Myers, commanding the First Battalion, and went over the work in detail with him. We are now without any side car and with practically no way of getting around except on *shanks mare*, which is pretty slow. Feel better tonight, but my stomach is still uncomfortable.

July 3, Wednesday. Camp and office work all day. Went over to Second Battalion Headquarters to see Captain Hall (dentist). I had broken out a filling. Captain Hall filled at 9 p. m. by daylight.

July 4, 1918, Thursday. Independence Day. Before another July 4th comes around, God grant that *Peace* may prevail on earth and that America may again be free and independent to carry on its work for its own people. The strain sometimes seems to be more than I can hold up against. This morning about 10 o'clock I had an unexpected and delightful call from General Godby, the C. E. of the II British Army Corps, with Headquarters at Houtkerque. We come under his corps after July 10th and he came down to see what we had, what we were doing, and what I wanted to see and find out. It ended by my going with him to visit the line he is working on just west of Ypres. We went first to his Headquarters where we had dinner. I met the Commanding Officer of the Corps, also General Kirby. General Godby went over with me the work he is doing,

showed me plans of his trench system, and plans of his trenches, shelters, machine gun emplacements, etc. We then went out to the line, passing through Watau into Belgium. We passed a great many troops of the 30th Division who have moved up to the second line west of Ypres. Watau is the Headquarters of the 30th Division. From Watau we headed straight for Ypres on the main road, going first as far as Poperinghe. Called "Pops" by the British. I examined the fortifications around the city, including concealed machine gun emplacements, trenches, etc. Went about two miles beyond the city to examine trenches, shelters, both concrete and earth, wire entanglements, etc. Also examined plans for blowing up roads and bridges and the location of the charges. I visited the old location of one of the large engineer dumps and work shops. These were moved further back on account of the constant shelling of this area. The city, which formerly contained about 12,000 is entirely deserted and is being slowly demolished. The large church has thus far escaped any injury. This is the first region I have been in that is really in the throes of the war. It sure does look its part. Overhead there were six or eight stationary observation balloons. These are constantly being fired at by the Germans and you can see the shells bursting near them. Only *occasionally* is one hit. Their greatest danger is when a German airplane darts over the line and attacks them. The men in the balloons are warned and jump with parachutes. In nearly all cases they reach the ground safely. One day a plane attacked three of the balloons, destroyed all of them. The men all got out but the parachute of one failed to open and he was killed. While this sector was quiet today, I felt for the first time that I was really in the fighting zone. Shells were exploding near by and you never know when one might fall right by you.

Our own work southeast and east of Cassel is nearer the German line than up here, but there has been no shelling of the area since we began the work. There are plenty of shell holes around showing that the German artillery have registered and that they know the range and the direction. Direction from Mount Kemmel, Road to Ypres, etc. A good many of the soldiers of the

30th Division are in camp north of "Pops," and had to march through this shelled area. There were no shells falling near them but they could hear them. They march in such an area, in one-half platoon and fifty to a hundred yards between each one-half platoon, so that if a shell hits a group or near a group it will not kill any except in the one group. I felt sorry for the boys, coming into such an area for the first time. They will get hardened to it, and after being up at the front line will be thankful to get back to "such an area." They did not know where they were going, where they were to sleep or eat. They were beginning to feel and taste the *real war*. It is a "taste." I have tasted it and *it is real*. I try to smile no matter what is going on and I find that it not only helps me but I can draw a smile from the men. They are "game" and I feel sure they will give a splendid account of themselves. I have heard from British, French and American officers that this Division has the best trained and physical men in France. They say my regiment is the best in the Division. It may not be true (I think it is) but it makes me feel good to hear such expressions about my men.

After we had completed our inspection we returned to Houtkerque via the Lovie Chateau and the Proven road. The ride through the Chateau grounds, which are most beautiful, was a delightful sequence to the desolation and waste that I had just been through. At Houtkerque we had *tea*. There were four of the British Generals at *tea*, and a Belgian General Staff. At 5:45 p. m. I started back for camp in the General's auto.

Colonel Ferguson came into camp and may be with us most of the time now. After supper we went over to the Second Battalion Headquarters remaining until nearly dark (10 p. m.). I gave the Colonel my room and went in with the Adjutant.

July 5, 1918, Friday. No air raid last night and therefore I had a most comfortable night and sleep. There was considerable shelling and twice during the night there was a continuous barrage fire lasting from half an hour to an hour. I slept through most of this. Today the Colonel and I have been going over the training schedule of the Regiment and I believe he was pretty well satisfied with what has been accomplished.

At 11:15 a. m. I had an appointment with Major-General Kenyon and Colonel Close of the British Army (40th Division) to inspect the work my troops had been doing. Colonel Ferguson, the Adjutant and myself went over to the works ahead of time in order to examine some of the British wiring and trenches. A strong point was being constructed by the Australians. If it had not been for the Colonel being here so we could use his car, we would have had to walk or ride on very poor horses. We met General Kenyon and Colonel Close on the line and inspected the wiring for a distance of about two miles. The General seemed very much pleased with the work and it was apparently satisfactory. I decided to change somewhat the method of construction of the wiring so as to conform more with the American method. This we are now building. I also worked out a plan, to try out, to see how easily and quickly we could cut our way through the entanglement. The General left us at the X-roads, and expressed himself again as being well pleased with our work. After dinner the Colonel and I had a long conference over our work and at 3 p. m. had a conference with the Battalion Commanders.

We gave a dinner party tonight to three of the British officers, the following being present: Colonel Ferguson, Lieutenant-Colonel Pratt, Major Campbell, Major DePaula (British), Major Harrison (British T Air Craft Battery), Captain Proctor (British), Captain Boesch, Captain Smith, Lieutenant Tucker, Lieutenant Sharp, Lieutenant Harper, and Lieutenant Smith. Our Chaplain, Lieutenant McElroy, took charge and arranged a good dinner: Soup, fish, chicken and vegetables, asparagus (fresh), dessert (fresh currant pudding), Welsh rarebit, coffee, cakes, candy, cheese, smokes. We sat around the table until nearly dark. We have no lights at night as we have no means of shutting in the light. All seemed to enjoy the dinner and I was very glad to be able to entertain the British officers. We borrowed dishes, etc., from the women in care of the chateau. For the most part we used our own field equipment dishes (enamel ware). Colonel Markham of 303d Engineers called this afternoon. His Regimental Headquarters at Oudezeele.

July 6, 1918, Saturday. Very quiet night. No air raids and very little bombardment. The Colonel left this morning for Corps Headquarters, but returned at night in time for dinner. I spent all the morning studying maps and plans, particularly around the Ypres sector. Right after dinner Captain Boesch, the Adjutant, and I rode horseback to Teredeghem to inspect the work done by the First Battalion and to see how they made arrangements to break camp. The First Battalion and the Second Battalion were to change camps and work. The Second Battalion were very much pleased with the change, and liked their new camp much better than the old one. I inspected the wire entanglement made by the First Battalion and consider it a more effective wire entanglement than what we made before. I am not quite satisfied with it yet, and want to have some larger stakes mixed in with the smaller ones in this low entanglement. As a whole the work was satisfactory. Coming back I took the cross-roads and trails as much as possible, which made the ride much more pleasant. The roads are very, very dusty and riding on the main highways is not very pleasant. No rain to amount to anything since we came here.

July 7, 1918, Sunday. Had a very quiet night and an extra nap this morning (being Sunday). Did not get up until 7:30. After finishing up the morning routine work, Colonel Ferguson and myself went in his car to see General Godby in regard to our Regiment coming into the sector held by the II British Army Corps. We spent about an hour with the General going over plans for work of the Regiment when it comes into his area. It was a very satisfactory conference. The first time I met General Godby I was very much attracted to him and my liking for him increased with this second meeting. He is whole-hearted and true, and interested in our work and our point of view. We left Houtkerque about 1 p. m., for Watau, the Headquarters of the 30th Division. We had dinner at a pretty fair Belgian restaurant. Charged six and a half francs. Spent a short time with Captain Humphrey. We three then went up to Proven to look over the ground that our troops will probably occupy for a central camp. It was not very prepossessing. If it should rain for a day or two the ground would be a mass

of mud. My headquarters will probably be at this camp for the next three weeks. Major Reynolds, the Commandant of the area, showed us around. He is a Canadian from Montreal. From Proven we took the Poperinghe road to its intersection with the Watau road, over which we returned to Watau and left Captain Humphrey. We then returned to camp via Steenvoorde. This is another deserted city (Population was about 4,250). It has been shelled several times and many of the buildings are demolished. The city was evacuated after Bailleu fell into the hands of the Germans. It makes me feel very sad to see these deserted and shelled cities. Colonel Ferguson had a bad headache, and on reaching camp I gave him some aspirin and he went to bed.

Mazie's letter of May 27th was received today. It brought tears to my eyes as I read it. It was a very, very dear letter.

(ENCLOSURE IN DIARY)

A red poppy, picked near Quercamp on march from Sanghen to Cassel, June 28, 1918.

(July 6 or 7, 1918, at Chateau near Cassel).

To be submitted through Military Channels, to the Adjutant-General G. H. Q., A. E. F., March 31, June 30, September 30, and December 31.

EFFICIENCY REPORT

(Required by G. O. 39, G. H. Q., A. E. F., 1918)

JOSEPH HYDE PRATT

(name)

Lieutenant-Colonel Engineers N. A., 105th Engineers

(Rank and Organization)

48

(age)

Lieutenant-Colonel 105th Engineer Regiment

(Duty during period)

Reported by:

H. B. FERGUSON

(name)

Colonel Engineers, N. A., 105th Engineers

(Rank and Organization)

INSTRUCTIONS

I. In recording your judgment take into consideration the following points, but do not report on them separately:

- (a) Attention to duty.
- (b) Professional zeal.
- (c) Intelligence and judgment shown in instructing, drilling and handling enlisted men.
- (d) General bearing and military appearance.
- (e) Willingness to cooperate energetically and loyally with his superiors, regardless of his personal views.
- (f) His behavior in action.

II. Under the heading "Remarks," it is most desirable that the reporting officer describe the character, special qualifications and method of performance of duty of the officer reported upon with such fullness as will give a true estimate of him, independent of the other parts of the report. It should be a concise statement of his opinion on the subjects of general fitness to be a commissioned officer, his strong points and his limitations. This statement should be definite and to the point and not perfunctory or evasive.

III. To be used in reporting on Majors, Lieutenants-Colonels and Colonels only.

1. During the past three months his work has been of quality:

- (a) Excellent.

2. Physical Condition:

- (a) Strong and active.

3. Has he shown peculiar fitness or marked ability for detail on the General Staff or for duty in any particular Staff Department?

Yes, G. S. or Eng. Depart.

4. Is this officer in your opinion fitted for duty with and to command troops?

Yes.

5. This officer speaks and translates:

- (a) French—translates to some extent.

6. Recommended for:

- (b) Promotion to next grade.

7. Remarks:

Character, highest; conscientious and painstaking, accepts responsibility, is firm and fair in control of officers and enlisted men.

Ability is exceptional, versatile engineer, organizer and manager. Has sound military conceptions.

Feel utmost confidence that he will always satisfactorily perform any duties to which assigned.

A true copy:

CLARENCE E. BOESCH,
Captain Engineers, M. G., Adjutant.

C. O. 105 Eng.

(For official circulation only).

G. O. 109

G. H. Q., American Expeditionary Forces

General Orders—No. 109.

France, July 5, 1918.

July 14th is hereby declared a holiday for all troops in this command not actually engaged with the enemy. It will be their duty and privilege to celebrate French Independence Day, which appeals alike to every citizen and soldier in France and America, with all the sympathetic interest and purpose that France celebrated our Independence Day. Living among the French people, and sharing the comradeship in arms of their soldiers, we have the deeper consciousness that the two anniversaries are linked together in common principles and a common cause.

By Command of General Pershing.

JAMES W. McANDREW,
Chief of Staff.

Official:

ROBERT C. DAVIS,
Adjutant General.

LIST OF OFFICERS ON BOARD THE TRANSPORT TALTHYBIUS
JUNE 1, 1918

Captain—H. D. Hazeland.
Chief Officer—Neieur.
Second Officer—A. Gow.
Extra Second Officer—E. Mellor.
Third Officer—J. R. Daivies.
Ship Surgeon—Lieutenant Morton, U. S. R.
Chief Engineer—Morgan.
Second Engineer—Mitchell.
Third Engineer—Drysdale.
Fourth Engineer—Barker.
Fifth Engineer—Kellet.
Sixth Engineer—Davies
Seventh Engineer—Smith.
Purser—Holdsworth.
Senior Wireless Operator—F. Gullen.
Junior Wireless Operator—J. Clark.
Steward—Cupit.

The following ships were in our convoy: H. M. S. Donegal, escort; Tunison, Plum Leaf, Talthybius, Burma; Cardiganshire, Ajax, Navara, Corinth, Botanist, City of Poona, Arawa, Port Lincoln; Crita, Mesaba.

(To be Continued)

HISTORICAL NEWS

Davidson College, compiled by Cornelia Shaw, Librarian, was issued by the Fleming H. Revell Press in October last. It is a volume of 317 pages.

Davidson College in the War is a record of the 955 former students of the Institution who entered the service 1917-18. Of these 223 were in the Students' Army Training Corps, and, of the remainder, 356 were commissioned officers. This will be issued by the Presbyterian Standard Publishing Company, Charlotte, in January, 1924. It is a book of around 130 pages and was compiled by Cornelia Shaw, Librarian.

Professor T. W. Lingle and assistants have prepared an Alumni Catalogue of Davidson College which is now in the hands of the printers. This volume is expected in February. The last Alumni Catalogue was issued in 1891. The edition being prepared at this time will be of deep interest to all Davidson men. Information, so far as it has been possible to obtain it, will be given in regard to the matriculates of the College—numbering approximately 5,800 since its opening in 1837.

Dr. William E. Dodd, Professor of American History in the University of Chicago, delivered two lectures this fall at the North Carolina College for Women in Greensboro: (1) The Monroe Doctrine, (2) The Expanding Power of the Presidency.

The following additions to the history faculty of the North Carolina College for Women were made in September: Dr. B. B. Kendrick, formerly Associate Professor of History in Columbia University; Dr. A. M. Arnett, formerly head of the Department of History, Furman University; Professor C. D. Johns, formerly Associate Professor of History, University of Cincinnati; Miss Bessie Edsall, formerly head of the Department of History, New Mexico State Normal School; Miss Ethelyn Dewey, formerly head of the Department of History, Nebraska State Normal School; Miss Vera Largent, formerly Critic Teacher, Kansas State Normal School.

Mr. B. B. Daugherty, of the Appalachian Training School at Boone, is preparing an article on Tennessee history with particular reference to James Robertson and Andrew Johnson.

The faculty in History of Mars Hill College consists of Oren E. Roberts, Jessie L. Carzine, Miss Cornelia Howell, and Isaac N. Carr.

During the first week of December, 1923, The University of North Carolina celebrated the centennial of President Monroe's message to Congress in which was stated the principles of the Monroe Doctrine. For this purpose, Dr. William R. Shepherd, professor of history in Columbia University, was invited to deliver a public address and to conduct a seminary course on the Monroe Doctrine and the relations of the United States and the Hispanic-American nations. The topics treated in the course were: (1) Self-defense—the Monroe Doctrine, 1823; (2) Expansion—the Course of Empire, 1846; (3) Headship—the Policy of Regulation, 1881; (4) Pan-Americanism—a Sentiment of Coöperation, 1889; (5) A League of Nations—the "Regional Understanding," 1917.

The State Literary and Historical Association of North Carolina convened in Raleigh, December 6 and 7, in its twenty-third annual session.

Thursday afternoon, at the Presbyterian Church there was a meeting of the Sir Walter Raleigh Memorial Association, presided over by General Julian S. Carr, Chairman since the Association was founded in 1901. General Carr reported that, although about twenty-five hundred dollars had been raised toward the memorial, the interposition of the World War and other major matters had held up the work and that it needed thorough reorganization. It was decided at this meeting and ratified at the business meeting the next day to defer all action until a general meeting could be called in January, 1924.

Thursday evening at the Woman's Club occurred the first general meeting. Invocation was made by Rev. T. W. O'Kelley of the First Baptist Church, Raleigh. Dr. J. Y. Joyner, in a brief address, recounted the life and services of J. Bryan

Grimes, author, statesman, and patriot, and presented on behalf of his family an oil portrait of Colonel Grimes to the North Carolina Historical Commission. W. N. Everett, Secretary of State, accepted the portrait. Miss Fries then read her presidential address, "The Lure of Historical Research." She was followed by Mrs. Lindsay Patterson, who talked informally on "Flower Lore." After the exercises there was a reception in the club rooms to the members and guests of the association.

Friday morning President Fries called the association to order at eleven o'clock in the Woman's Club. She presented Rev. Douglas Rights, of Winston-Salem, who read a paper on "Traces of the Indian in Piedmont Carolina." He was followed by Miss Emma King, of Greensboro, who read a paper on "Some Aspects of the Education of Negroes by the Society of Friends." Mr. W. S. Pfohl, of Winston-Salem, then read a paper on "The Infant School."

The association was then called into business session. The following resolutions were passed:

1. Resolution of thanks to Mrs. Lindsay Patterson for the stimulating influence of the William Houston Patterson Memorial Cup, this year retired after seventeen years of award annually to North Carolina writers.

2. Resolution endorsing the effort of patriotic societies to fill the North Carolina Bay in the Cloister of the Colonies at Valley Forge. In this connection Dr. Albert Shaw, Editor of the *Review of Reviews*, made a contribution of one hundred and fifty dollars to this memorial.

3. Resolution endorsing the effort of the Virginia Dare Memorial Association to place a painting of the first baptism in America in the National Capitol.

The following officers were elected for the year 1923-1924:

President—W. C. Jackson, Vice-President North Carolina College.

First Vice-President—Rev. Robert Brent Drane, Edenton.

Second Vice-President—John Sprunt Hill, Durham.

Third Vice-President—Miss Nell Battle Lewis, Raleigh.

Secretary—R. B. House, Raleigh.

Friday evening at 8:30 President Fries called the association in final session in the auditorium of Meredith College. She

presented Dr. Frederic M. Hanes, of Winston-Salem, who made a brief address presenting to the State the portrait of Walter Hines Page. Governor Cameron Morrison accepted the portrait on behalf of North Carolina. Miss Fries then presented Col. W. A. Blair, of Winston-Salem, who introduced Dr. Albert Shaw, Editor of the *Review of Reviews*. Dr. Shaw delivered an address on Walter Hines Page.

The association then adjourned sine die.

The North Carolina Historical Commission has received the portraits of Walter Hines Page and J. Bryan Grimes for hanging in the Hall of History. The Page portrait is the gift of the State Literary and Historical Association. It is a copy of the original by Philip Alexius de Laszlo in the British embassy, and was made by the same artist. The Grimes portrait is by Louis Freeman, of Washington, D. C., and it is a gift from the Grimes family. Both portraits were presented to the State during the twenty-third annual session of the State Literary and Historical Association, in Raleigh, December 6 and 7. Dr. J. Y. Joyner made the address presenting the Grimes portrait, and it was accepted by Hon. W. N. Everett. Dr. Frederic M. Hanes made the address presenting the Page portrait. It was accepted by Governor Morrison.

During the past three months the Historical Commission has received for preservation the following papers and relics:

Wills: Originals from Carteret, Chowan, Onslow, and Perquimans, to 1800; Abstracts from Anson, Cabarrus, Carteret, Chowan, Craven, Cumberland, Duplin, Mecklenburg, New Hanover, Onslow, Randolph, Richmond, Robeson, Rowan, Rutherford; also a miscellaneous collection of wills from the office of the Secretary of State, 1663-1790.

Marriage Bonds: Ashe, Chowan, Jackson, Polk, and Lincoln.

County Court Minutes: Ashe, Chatham, Chowan, Jackson, Polk, Richmond, Wilkes.

Court Dockets: At Bath, 1742; at Wilmington, 1742.

Land Patents: Chowan, Edgecombe, Craven, and Perquimans, 1740.

Inventories: Chowan, 1723-1800; Perquimans, 1751-1800; office of the Secretary of State, 1663-1760.

Deeds: Chowan, 1699-1800.

Tax Lists: Chowan, 1766-1798.

Port of Roanoke: Records.

Daguerreotypes and Photographs of Civil War.

Flag: Thirty-eighth North Carolina Regiment.

Roster: North Carolina Troops in the Revolution, together with original vouchers from the Secretary of State, card indexed.

Pictures of the 30th Division in France, painted on the field by Lt. Col. Graham Seaton Hutchinson, of the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, and presented by him to North Carolina.

Relics of the Walker, Bolles, Hill, Whiting, and Meares families, of Wilmington, presented by Miss Hannah P. Bolles of Wilmington.

Original order issued by General Lee before the march into Maryland and Pennsylvania, presented by Archibald H. Boyden, of Salisbury.

Debates in Congress (2 vols) 1825-1831; Washington, Gales and Seaton.

By authority of the Council of State, the Printing Commission, and the North Carolina Historical Commission, there has been published *The Papers of Thomas Walter Bickett*, Governor of North Carolina.

Miss Eleanor Chase, a graduate of Radcliffe College, is a new member of the History faculty of Salem College. Her chief interest is in United States History.

The Salem College History Club, Miss Flora Binder, President, Miss Sara McKellar, Secretary, holds occasional meetings during the college year. It discusses phases of recent history, current events, and books. On October 10 Dr. Howard Rondthaler addressed the club on "How the Civilization of a State is determined by its Boundary Line." On October 11, Mr. Harry Long, Y. W. C. A. worker in Poland, addressed the club on the history of Poland.

Mr. J. T. Alderman, Superintendent, in the Annual Report of the Henderson Public Schools, 1922-1923, presents a twenty-one page history of "Old Time Schools in the Vicinity of Henderson." The record begins with 1817 and continues to the present. It is supplemented by illustrations.

The Woman's Club of Oxford has organized a historical department of which Mrs. Lucy Hays Furman is Chairman. The object of this department is to gather all the historic data of Oxford that is available. Enough material has been gathered to form a booklet which will be published. Among other items the department has secured a bound volume of the *Torchlight*, bound copies of the *Morning Clarion*, Oxford's first newspaper,

and an essay, "Newspapering in Oxford in the Seventies." All from Mr. J. A. Robinson.

Dr. W. K. Boyd, Professor of History in Trinity College, is preparing a history of Durham County. He is publishing articles on Durham County in the *Durham Herald*. The first article in the series appeared Sunday, October 7, in section two of the paper.

Dr. Randolph G. Adams, late Professor of History in Trinity College, Durham, has resigned to become Custodian of the William L. Clements Library of the University of Michigan.

Professor M. C. S. Noble, Dean of the School of Education in the University of North Carolina, is spending a year's leave of absence in preparing materials for a history of education in North Carolina since 1840. He is at present engaged with the collections of the North Carolina Historical Commission and those of the State Library.

Dr. Archibald Henderson, Head of the Department of Mathematics, University of North Carolina, is in Europe on a year's leave of absence. Dr. Henderson has just issued, through the Houghton Mifflin Company, a limited edition of *Washington's Southern Tour, 1791*.

The New Bern Historical Society was organized in 1923. It has a large membership and has held some interesting meetings. Special interest has been devoted to the Palatines.

Incidental to a recent visit to the North Carolina Historical Commission, Professor William R. Shepherd, of Columbia University, stated that he had found numerous papers of John Sevier, and of Western North Carolina and Tennessee in the Spanish archives in Seville. These papers emphasize the important influence of Spain on the development of North Carolina and Tennessee.

Colonel Joseph Hyde Pratt, a section of whose diary begins in this issue, has given to the North Carolina Historical Com-

mission not only his diary but a voluminous collection of papers and maps relating to the 105th Engineers, A. E. F., the early records of the North Carolina Council of Defense; and a valuable and interesting collection of relics picked up on the Somme battlefields. These collections form the most systematic and comprehensive series of records of North Carolina in the World War contributed by any individual.

Captain S. A. Ashe is preparing a sketch of William Joseph Williams, an artist born in New York, but for many years a resident of New Bern. Williams painted the portrait of George Washington, in 1793, that hangs in the Masonic Hall, Alexandria, Virginia, and said to be the only likeness of Washington in his old age.

Doctor E. C. Branson, Professor of Rural Economics and Sociology, University of North Carolina, is on a year's leave of absence in Europe. He is writing a series of travel letters for various North Carolina newspapers (Sunday issues) and for the *University of North Carolina News Letter*. These articles are replete with references to North Carolina, though mainly valuable as studies of contemporary institutions in Europe.

Professor Frank P. Graham, of the University of North Carolina, who was last year awarded an Amherst Fellowship for a two-year term, is at present engaged in study and research in Washington City. He will go to England in the spring, and after study there will carry on investigation in France, Germany, and other Continental countries, remaining abroad for the entire year.

The Department of History and Government of the University of North Carolina has this year added to its staff Chester P. Higby, associate professor; A. R. Newsome, assistant professor, and H. M. Shanks, R. H. Taylor, and D. H. Gilpatrick, instructors.

Professor Higby, whose particular field is Continental European history, is a native of Pennsylvania, a graduate of Bucknell University, and holds the doctor's degree from Columbia.

He has been for some years past a member of the faculty of West Virginia University. Professor Newsome, who is at present serving as chairman of the freshman course, is specializing in American history of the Middle Period, particularly that relating to the westward movement. He is a native of North Carolina, a graduate of the University, for two years head of the department of history in Bessie Tift College, and has been for the two years past an instructor in the University of Michigan where he has completed the residence work for the doctor's degree. Mr. Shanks is a native of North Carolina, a graduate of Wake Forest, and holds a master's degree from the University of Chicago. Mr. Taylor is also a North Carolinian and a graduate of Wake Forest College. He has a master's degree from the University of North Carolina, has been assistant professor at the Citadel, and has been for two years a graduate student at the University of Michigan where he held a fellowship in history. He has also completed the residence requirements for the doctor's degree. Mr. Gilpatrick is a native of Florida, a graduate of Stetson University, and a master of arts of Columbia. For some years past he has been head of the history department of the Durham High School.

There has been organized in the Roanoke Rapids schools a Halifax County Club. This club studies the early history of the county, its prominent men, and the relation of the county to the State. Among other sources it makes use of the county records in Halifax.

The last Legislature appointed a Commission, consisting of Bennehan Cameron, J. S. Carr, R. D. W. Connor, W. T. Bost, R. O. Everett, and D. H. Hill, to arrange for the acceptance from the heirs of Samuel T. Morgan of a memorial to mark the spot where the Confederate War practically ended when the army of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston capitulated to the army of Gen. W. T. Sherman at the Bennett House, near Durham. The memorial is a graceful double shaft situated in a park of thirty-five acres of land that was owned by Mr. Morgan, and which will hereafter be the property of the State.

The ceremonies of acceptance took place at the historic spot on November 8th. The presentation address was made for the

family by Gen. Julian S. Carr. Governor Cameron Morrison accepted the memorial in the name of the State. An introductory address by Colonel Cameron was followed by speeches from Dr. D. H. Hill, taking the place of Hon. R. M. Hughes, a nephew of General Johnston (who was detained at home by the serious illness of his son), and by United States Senator B. K. Wheeler, of Montana.

On June 7, 1923, the Richard Dobbs Spaight Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution of New Bern, unveiled on their court house square three handsome bronze tablets to the three Governors furnished to the State by Craven County. These, of course, were Abner Nash (1780-1781), Richard Dobbs Spaight (1792-1795), and Richard Dobbs Spaight, Jr. (1835-1836).

The exercises, presided over by the Regent of the Chapter, Mrs. Owen H. Guion, were excellently planned. Hon. Francis Nash, a great-grandson of Governor Nash, presented a sketch of the life and services of Governor Nash, and Judge Henry Grady outlined the careers of the two Spaight.

A marker to World War dead was erected recently on the court house lawn. J. C. B. Eringhaus delivered the memorial address.

BOOK REVIEWS

JEFFERSON DAVIS—President of the South. By H. J. Eckenrode. (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1923. Pages, 371. \$3.00.)

This is an interesting book. Minor defects need not blind us to its real value. As a critical study of one of the most uninspiring of the great figures of our history it is refreshing after the gush and nonsense which characterizes so much of our Southern historical writing. The author has not attempted a biography of Davis, but rather to analyze the character, qualifications, and motives of the Confederate leader and in them to find an explanation of his great failure. All who read his book will feel that he has done his work in a skillful manner, but not all will find his conclusions convincing.

Davis had many of the minor qualifications for his task as President of the Confederacy. He had a wide range of information and experience. His brain was cool, clear, logical. He was a skillful debater. He had courage, dignity, industry, and determination. He had had executive experience. His integrity was undoubted. "In many respects he was a good choice for the head of the new government," and had the new government been firmly established and universally recognized, and had Davis been chosen its head in a peaceable and thoroughly constitutional manner, he would probably have made a successful chief executive.

But the new government was neither firmly established nor universally recognized. It was the offspring of revolution and its president was essentially the chief of a revolutionary movement. For such a position, Jefferson Davis had grave, fatal defects. He lacked political sagacity. "Sensitive, vain, egotistical, [and] open to flattery," his "sensitiveness led to jealousy," his egotism made him combative, dogmatic, unyielding, whereas the head of a revolutionary movement, with success dependent upon the earnest coöperation of all the revolutionary forces, he should have been conciliatory and open to conviction. He needed to win men to him, not to triumph over them. [In insisting upon his technical rights and powers under the Confederate Constitution, he easily won victories over Joe Brown and Zeb Vance, but they were worse than barren victories for they left those powerful politicians, and many others

like them, in the camp of his political opponents, if not of his personal enemies.] And so, Mr. Eckenrode concludes:

It was Davis's inability as a political leader that played a large part in his undoing. No sooner had the planter politicians set him up over them than they turned against him. They hated the government they themselves had made, and Davis was not the man who could bind them to himself by chains of personal loyalty stronger than any constitutional right. * * * He inspired respect, though not affection or even liking. * * * He was never popular, never the head of a party. He always stood much alone. * * * He won some notable victories over his failings. But he could not quite rise to the heroic level demanded by his difficulties; he could not become the leader to inspire a desponding nation; he could not become a genius able to uphold a losing cause.

Why did the Confederacy fail? The blockade? "This," says Mr. Eckenrode, "is negatively true" only, because "the South might have won in spite of the blockade." Was it due to "the dearth of food?" Scarcely, because the Confederate soldier enjoyed good health and did some "great feats of exertion in marching and fighting" in spite of "a shortage of provisions." "Inferior military equipment?" No, because after 1864 the Southerners, in arms and ammunition, "were not much inferior to the Unionists." No, the answer lies in none of these, or the numerous other explanations usually given. The answer is found in the failure of the South to develop "an adequate strategic system."

The [Southern] armies were not directed with a common purpose: no strategic system was ever devised by the South. The North had two great strategic ideas—one originated by Halleck, the other by Grant. * * * The South was frequently better in the strategy of single campaigns than the North—thus Lee was notably abler than the generals who opposed him—but it had no grand strategy, and wars are more often won by grand strategy than single battles. In the last analysis, the Union triumphed less because of large numbers, more food, money and equipment and its navy than because it had a strategic system it was able to carry out.

And why did not the Confederacy have a "grand strategy?" Mr. Eckenrode's answer is "Jefferson Davis." There was no unity of control because "Jefferson Davis directed the war and yet did not direct it fully."

"The successful conduct of the war called for all the ability and all the energy of some one directing mind. That mind could not, by any chance, be Jefferson Davis, because he was

President." As President of a revolutionary government his duties were primarily political. "Old governments run partly by mere momentum; people obey them from habit. A new government makes special demands on the ruler's qualities of leadership. A revolutionary ruler must inspire and persuade his people." This Davis failed to do. The Constitution gave him the powers of commander-in-chief, and he felt that he must exercise them. Instead of delegating military affairs to Lee as general in chief of all the Confederate armies, Davis "chose military administration as his particular province," and thus military policies were constantly mingled with political considerations to the ruin of both.

Davis's unduly cautious consideration of political situations at the expense of military demands and his insistence upon keeping military policies in his own hands, were responsible for the failure of the Confederacy to develop a system of grand strategy under the direction of a Lee which alone could have assured success to the South.

R. D. W. CONNOR.

University of North Carolina.

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE—An inquiry into the Development of English in the United States. By H. L. Mencken. Third edition, revised and enlarged. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1923. Pages, ix+489.

Is "American" a language distinct from English? For the people of the United States is English a "Foreign Modern Language?" So seriously are these questions suggested that it was with alert interest, if not trepidation, I turned, after reading some chapters of Mr. Mencken's book, to the addresses delivered last spring in several of our cities, by Lord Robert Cecil. My reassurance was complete. Hardly a phrase or word was strange. We Americans still—

Speak the tongue

That Shakespeare spake: the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.

Lord Robert falls into the only disconcerting, yet somewhat typical, Bricicism when he attempts a home-spun metaphor. He speaks of "putting a spoke in the wheel" of a nefarious set of men when he means obviously to block their evil designs!

The impression created by the title of this book, by the presentation of the subject, by the tone throughout, is that "American" and "English" will be before long, if indeed they are not now, as distinct languages, as, say, German and Norse. That differences exist in the spoken language of the uneducated masses in England and in America goes without saying. That variant terminology has been adopted in arts and industries that have developed independently in the two countries is equally obvious. It is interesting and instructive to have these differences indicated and discussed. But no well-informed student of the subject imagines that the language of the masses in Baltimore, to take Mr. Mencken's home city, differs more widely from the language of the masses in Liverpool than the dialect of Cornwall differs from the dialect of Yorkshire. "American" of the masses, really marvelous in its homogeneity, is, at most, not a separate and distinct language, nor likely to develop into one: it is only a dialect of that English common to the English-speaking world, and likely to remain so. None but Mr. Mencken sees (page 195) "the gap that begins to yawn between English and American."

Mr. Mencken has done in "The American Language" a laborious piece of work, yet he has succeeded in giving it an appeal to general interest. What is called the "differentiation" of "American" from English is first traced historically; then follows an exposition of present-day conditions in pronunciation, spelling and grammar. "Proper Names in America," "American Slang," and "The Future of the Language," close the body of the discussion. Appendices are: "Specimens of the American Vulgate," "Non-English Dialects in America," and "Proverbs and Platitudes." A most valuable feature is an elaborate and seemingly complete Bibliography. Full use is made of earlier special compilations; and although this book discusses more than three thousand words and phrases, it is clearly indicated that the subject is merely being opened up: that almost every phase cries out for full investigation. At this stage in the treatment of the "American" language no student of the subject can afford to disregard Mr. Mencken's book.

Yet the book lacks the true scholarly spirit. The detachment, the impersonality of the scholar, is sadly wanting. Mr. Mencken's prejudices are so obvious as to shake the reader's confidence. Entirely too much in evidence are his antipathy to

England and his partiality to Germany. One is even led to suspect that deep down in the writer's desire to thrust in the thin edge of the wedge to split this Anglo-Saxon world into two jealous, hostile camps: a purpose impossible of accomplishment so long as the two great branches of the parent stock speak the same language and freely exchange each other's literature.

Mr. Mencken takes opportunity to let the reader know his view on the liquor question by describing the prohibition period in America (page 102) as the "Methodist hellenium."

Accurate in the main, the book has some matters for correction. I note the following.

"Dr. J. J. Child of Harvard" (page 7) is probably Dr. Francis J. Child.

"Charles E. A. Gayerré (page 412) should be Charles E. A. Gayarré.

It is unpardonable in a Baltimorean to write (page 141, note) "Edgar Allen Poe."

Is it possible that an Englishman (page 128) "Calls a *rutabaga* a *mangelwurzel*?"

"Jakob Grimm, the founder of Comparative Philology" (page 382). Is Mr. Mencken acquainted with the work of Rasmus Rask?

The element "-more," in *Biltmore* is not (page 363) "the Gaelic *Grundwort, more*," but is, I am told by one who had it from the lips of the late Mr. George Vanderbilt, the name of Mr. Vanderbilt's grandmother.

Further evidence is needed to support the derivation (page 286) of *spot* from *spit*, although both come from the same root.

If *strong* and *weak* had been used to indicate the two conjugations in English, it would have been easy to avoid such awkward expressions as (page 286) "regularly irregular."

"Beaufort is *byu-fort* in South Carolina, but *bo-fort* in North Carolina" (page 358). The difference is probably due to an earlier and a later borrowing from the French.

The relation of *my* and *mine* (page 300) might be more clearly explained by showing that formerly the same laws held between the two possessives as between *a* and *an*.

It is surprising not to find fuller use made of Kluge among the German and Skeat (referred to only once) among the English for etymologies.

Mr. Mencken's prediction of a wider divergence in future between English and "American" will fail, it seems to me, as a result of the unifying influences of more general education, and of easy and rapid communication among the various parts of the English-speaking world. A most wholesome tendency is the ready exchange of useful innovations in speech. Indeed, Mr. Mencken bears strong testimony, even if somewhat unwillingly, to the strengthening unity of English in the statistics he quotes showing its possibilities as a future world-language. Incidentally, two Chinese students now attending the North Carolina State College find it easier to converse with each other in English than in their Chinese dialects.

Although Mr. Mencken finds in the average American's speech a "timorousness," "In a land of manumitted peasants," he says, page 179, "the primary trait of the peasant is bound to show itself now and then": yet he quotes with apparent approval: "The American * * * has an Elizabethan love of exuberant language"; and adds (page 195): "And on the other hand there is a high relish and talent for metaphor—in Brander Matthews's phrase, 'a figurative vigor that the Elizabethans would have realized and understood.'"

Those "manumitted peasants," by the way, they are you and I!

An example of "American," as Mr. Mencken conceives it, is given in a modernizing of The Declaration of Independence:

When things get so balled up that the people of a country have got to cut loose from some other country and go it on their own hook, without asking no permission from nobody, excepting maybe God Almighty, then they ought to let everybody know why they done it, so that everybody can see they are on the level, and not trying to put nothing over on nobody.

The administration of the present King, George III, has been rotten from the start, and when anybody kicked about it he always tried to get away with it by strong-arm work. Here is some of the rough stuff he has pulled:

He vetoed bills in the Legislature that everybody was in favor of, and hardly nobody was against.

He made the Legislature meet at one-horse tank-towns out in the alfalfa belt, so that hardly nobody could get there and most of the leaders would stay home and let him go to work and do things like he wanted.

He give the Legislature the air, and sent the members home every time they stood up to him and give him a call-down or bawled him out.

Ring Lardner has Mr. Mencken's heartiest approval.

THOMAS P. HARRISON.

North Carolina State College.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER HINES PAGE. By Burton J. Hendrick. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Company, 1922. 2 v.

It is now nearly two years since these two handsome volumes appeared and at once attracted wide and favorable attention. A review of them now, however, may not be inappropriate in this magazine; for though most of the working days of Page's nearly sixty-five years were spent outside of North Carolina, here he was born and reared, here he rather planned to do the work of his old age, and here he came to die among his kinsfolk in the beautiful region of Aberdeen. And since he was a North Carolinian, the review may, perhaps, best take the form of a study of the man and his career as revealed in Hendrick's book.

Walter Hines Page, we are told, came of good North Carolina stock, chiefly English with some admixture of French. His education, thanks to his family's means, was unusually good for Reconstruction days. At the Bingham School he learned for all time that personal integrity is the essential characteristic of a gentleman. Being Methodists, his people sent him to old Trinity, which he did not like, and then to Randolph-Macon where he displayed energy and versatility and was deemed by his fellows "alert" and "positive." He was in Gildersleeve's first class at Hopkins, and might, perhaps have become a teacher of Greek at the University of North Carolina had not his religious rationalism blocked the way. His interest, however, was in affairs of the present and his most obvious talent was for writing. Quite naturally, therefore, being in need of a job, he drifted into newspaper work in 1878 and during the five following years practiced this craft successively as small town editor, traveling correspondent, and special writer for metropolitan dailies. Thus Page at twenty-seven had come into an appreciation of the beautiful in literature and an understanding of specialization. He had also acquired a breadth of view and an interest in human beings that come best from a knowledge of many men and many places.

In 1884 Page settled in Raleigh as editor of the *State Chronicle*. Perhaps in no other year has the line appeared to be so sharply drawn between sectionalism and Americanism, between the spoils system and the merit system, between stand-pat and progressive policies. The young editor, accordingly, dedicated his paper to "preaching Cleveland ideals," and, above all, to exerting an influence on the development of a new Southern

spirit. Also, he organized the Wautauga Club, which "gave the State ideas that afterwards caused something like a revolution in its economic and educational status." To Page and his club the author accredits the founding of "State College." After a year and a half, however, Page became convinced that his native state "really had no permanent place for him." The trouble was that "he was forty years ahead of his times" in his insistence that leaders forget the past and concentrate upon the development of a *real democracy* through educating the hands and minds of its plain people. Aycock, indeed, wrote that "fully three-fourths of the people are with you * * * in your effort to awaken better work, greater activity, and freer opinion." But the dominant leaders were not moved nor did they lose their hold though men laughed heartily at Page's characterization of them in his "Mummy Articles." Accordingly Page moved away. But to his creed of a real democracy expressed through the "improving of the fundamental opportunities and every day social advantages of the masses" he often recurred. Very notable was his Greensboro address of 1897 on the "Forgotten Man," which "etched itself deeply into the popular consciousness" notwithstanding the "excoriations" which he received from "Professional Southerners." And in his new field of work he was able to advance his cause very greatly through the enthusiasm and energy by which his membership on the great educational boards was marked. Particularly helpful was he in establishing the work of Dr. Knapp and Dr. Stiles. Not without reason, therefore, has Dr. Flexner called him "one of the real educational statesmen of the country, probably the greatest we have had since the Civil War."

From 1885 to 1913 Page resided in New York or Boston. For eight years he made the *Forum* influential—and profitable for its owners. Then the *Atlantic* called him to its editorship, "the top of his profession." Mindful of the future, however, Page wanted to own as well as edit a magazine. The consequence was Doubleday, Page & Co. and the *World's Work*, ventures satisfactory in every respect. Into each of these editorial tasks he threw his whole soul, fearless, lovable, dominating. He liked to select "live" subjects and then seek out the "inevitable man" to discuss them; but the discussion would not be printed unless it measured up to an exacting standard. "Don't write for the office. Write for outside." "Always work for

the next number. Forget the others. Spend everything just on that." Such were rules of his office.

Always interested in public affairs, Page "after 1900 * * * became essentially a public man." In 1910 this interest took the shape of "grooming" for the Presidency Woodrow Wilson, whom he had long known as the writer of brilliant and illuminating studies, especially for the *Forum*. He put Wilson in touch with Colonel House, guarded him against "his fool friends," spread his fame through the press, picked him a man (Houston) for the Department of Agriculture, prepared him briefs for the first message and recommended its personal delivery for the sake of personal touch with Congressmen. Two things he looked for: realization of the "big country-life idea"—for he had served on Roosevelt's Country Life Commission—and "restoration of popular government." Wilson, in turn wanted Page as Secretary of Interior. Like a bolt out of the blue came the offer of the English ambassadorship.

Few ambassadors have worked on such broad lines and with such unsparing energy as Page did in London from 1913 to September, 1918; and none has left a more interesting and illuminating picture of an ambassador's opportunities and difficulties. He quickly came to know "the men and the currents of opinion" (the words are Wilson's) and strove to acquaint the Administration with them. The British, he wrote the President, in September, 1913, "make a sharp distinction between our people and our Government. * * * They sincerely regret that a democracy does not seem to be able to justify itself." Therefore, with an infinite show of sportsmanship and good breeding, he tried to make Englishmen understand. His central idea soon came to be the coöperation of English-speaking peoples, under the lead of the United States as the most powerful part, for the promotion of peace and the uplift of humanity. "If we could find some friendly use," he wrote House, August 28, 1913, "for these navies and armies and kings and things—in the service of humanity—they'd follow us. * * * They want a job. Then they'd quit sitting on their haunches, growling at one another. * * * the cleaning up of backward lands is now in order—for the people that live there. * * * Work on a world plan. Nothing but blue chips, you know." And

later to his children: "My plan is to lead the British * * * All we have to do is to be courteous." With this in mind one can understand his humiliation and resentment at the State Department's negligence and its "leaks"—Page finally had to send his important information to House for personal transmission to the President. He wanted Wilson to come over and stand by the King so that the whole world could have a look at them. But on hearing of Bryan's proposed European tour he wrote: "Now, God restrain me from saying, much more from doing, anything rash. But if I've got to go home at all, I'd rather go before he comes." One can understand, too, his wanting joint intervention in Mexico but later thanking Heaven that you (Wilson) refrained, his joy at the repeal of the Panama Canal Tolls Bill as an act of honor and fair dealing, and his rebound from almost utter despair to unbounded joy and killing activity when the Administration changed from neutrality to participation in the World War. Did Page contribute to this change? One can not tell. Wilson called Page more British than the British; but Page, while maintaining outward impartiality, continually brought pressure by letters and once in an interview in behalf of a stand against militarism. This he called "waging neutrality." And in the end Wilson wrote: "You have performed your difficult duties with distinguished success." Roosevelt was more enthusiastic. As for the English, official as well as popular thanks seemed to come from the very heart. Grey was always his close friend and Balfour said, "I loved that man."

But Page had killed himself at his job. "I find myself," he wrote Mrs. Page in September, 1913, "thinking of the winter down South. * * * I'm mortal tired. * * * Nine and a half more days here. * * * If it were nine and three-quarters, I should not stand it, but break for home prematurely."

It should be understood, however, that this is not a life in the usual sense. One looks in vain for formal description of personal appearance, private life or business transactions. Background is wanting in many important places: Why, for instance, were North Carolina leaders such standpatters in Page's early days? And what was the scheme of Wilson's thinking into which Page's special views failed to fit? Moreover, one

must do his own evaluating. Did Page, for example, sometimes over state for the sake of "getting across" his idea? Did he sometimes make bad mistakes in his estimate of men or his forecasting of the important next task?

None the less, it is a great study of a very great and lovable personality. And it affords an admirable background for the "Letters." As for these letters, they are mostly written from England, but are numerous and cover a wide range of topics. And they are, I think, as Wilson said in 1915, "the best letters I have ever read."

C. C. PEARSON.

Wake Forest.

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